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## RELIQUES

OF

IRISH

## JACOBITE POETRY

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE AUTHORS,

INTERLINEAR LITERAL TRANSLATIONS,

AND HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

BY JOHN DALY;

TOGETHER WITH

METRICAL VERSIONS BY EDWARD WALSH.

AN TEANSAO 3AOJDEJL3E.  
 “Ar iread ba blarda, ba chearda, ba fion-lionca.  
 ba oile, ba aite, ba tapad a m-bris bñ-ñuib;  
 ba fnaizte, ba fnaizlaine nacaineac 3aoir-laolte  
 Ní h-ionadh ’r 3lafaimeac mallai3te ar b-fion-nai  
 Ooncad Caoch ua Macgairm

## THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Unlike the jargon of our Saxon foe,  
 On raptur’d ear it pours its copious flow,  
 Most feeling, mild, polite, and polish’d tongue,  
 That learned sage e’er spoke, or poet sung!

Denis Mahony the Bl

DUBLIN:

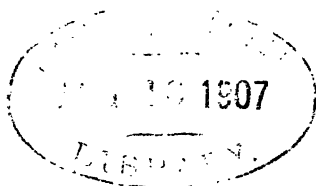
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# INTRODUCTION TO THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

CHAP. I.—*Un céad Caisibíol.*

Of the Letters or Alphabets, called by the Irish, *Aibgíur*  
na *Saoirdeirge*.

In the Irish language there are but seventeen letters, viz. :

Figures.		Corresponding English letters.		Names.
א.	א.	A.	a.	אילן.
ב.	ב.	B.	b.	בשר.
ג.	ג.	C.	c.	גול.
ד.	ד.	D.	d.	דוש.
ה.	ה.	E.	e.	הוא.
ו.	ו.	F.	f.	פארן.
ז.	ז.	G.	g.	גור.
ח.	ח.	H.	h.	הוא.
ט.	ט.	I.	i.	יוה.
י.	י.	L.	l.	לור.
כ.	כ.	M.	m.	מור.
ל.	ל.	N.	n.	נור.
מ.	מ.	O.	o.	ון.
נ.	נ.	P.	p.	פר.
ס.	ס.	R.	r.	רור.
ע.	ע.	S.	s.	סור.
פ.	פ.	T.	t.	תר.
צ.	צ.	U.	u.	ור.

h, is often used in the Irish language, though not counted a vowel or consonant, but an *aspiration* only, and therefore omitted in the foregoing Table.

*K, Q, W, X, Y, Z*, are seldom or never made use of in the Irish language, except *K*, which is sometimes written for *ca*, or *cat*, *Q*, written for *cu*, and *X*, for the number ten. When *K* is used, it is called *collaílm*, and *Q*, is called *colláir*, or *ceint*.

These seventeen Irish letters are divided into vowels and consonants, viz. *gutaib̄e, agur confoinib̄e*. The vowels are five in number *a, e, i, o, u*, of which three are *broad,\* a, o, u*, and the other two *small,\* e, and i*.

The consonants are twelve in number, viz. b, c, d, f, g, l, m, n, p, r, s, and are divided into *Mutables* and *Immutables*. The *Mutables* are such as by the addition of an h, or by a full point thus (·) placed over them, signifying the

\* *Broad and Small*, means *broad* or *full* sound, *small* or *slender* sound, as will be shewn hereafter.



CHAP. II.—*ἡ δατὰ ἑαυτοῦ.*

*Influences*, or *Eclipses*, is a primary or radical Initial consonant, by some other Intervening consonant, quite *extinguish* the power of the other letter, as *αἱ ὕψις*, *Our Sense*, *αἱ ὕψις*, *Our Friends*.

The *radical*, or *possessive* C, in either of the foregoing words is extinguished by the *υ*, immediately preceding.

There are seven consonants that suffer Eclipses, *β, γ, δ, φ, μ, π, τ*. And the learner is to take notice that, when *two* of these seven consonants come together in the beginning of a word, that it is the *first* that *pronounces*, the second maintains the *primitive* sense of the word, as, *μβ*, being met together in the beginning of a word, its *μ*, that carries the force, the *β*, maintaining the primitive sense, because it being the *radical* or *possessive* letter, as, *αἱ μῆτις*, *Our Life*, *αἱ μῆτις*, *Our Death*, &c.

*υγ*, being met together in the beginning of a word, *γ*, carries the force, the *υ* maintaining the sense, because it is the radical or possessive letter, as, *αἱ υγῆς*, *Our Horses*, *αἱ υγῆς*, *Our Sheep*, &c.

*ηδ*, being met together in the beginning of a word, *η* carries the force, the *δ* maintains the sense, being the radical or possessive letter, as, *αἱ ηδοῦς*, *Our Hope in God*, &c.

*βφ*, being met together in the beginning of a word, both letters pronounce like *V*, in the English language, notwithstanding it is the *φ*, that maintains the sense of the word, because of its being the *radical*, or *primitive* letter, as *αἱ βφῆς*, *Our Banquet*, *αἱ βφῆς*, *Our Flesh*, &c.

*ης*, being met together in the beginning of a word, is called by the Irish *ηῖα*, though they both be not of the same kind, yet they make a sound by blowing the breath, as if they were but one letter. *η*, that carries the force, though *ς*, maintains the sense, because it is the *radical*, or *possessive* letter, as *αἱ ηςῆς*, *Our Guard*, *αἱ ηςῆς*, *Our Garden*, &c.

*βπ*, being met together in the beginning of a word, it is *β*, that carries the force, though *π*, maintains the sense, being the *radical* or *possessive* letter, as, *αἱ βπῆς*, *Our Sins*, *αἱ βπῆς*, *Our Pomp*, &c.

*τσ*, being met together in the beginning of a word, *τ*, that carries the force, though *ς*, maintains the sense, because it is the *radical* or *possessive* letter, as, *αἱ τςῆς*, *the Way*, *αἱ τςῆς*, *the Eye*, *αἱ τςῆς*, *the Street*, &c.

*δβ*, being met together in the beginning of a word, it is *δ*,

that carries the force, though **Ṭ** maintains the sense, because of its being the *radical* or *possessive* letter, as, **ḁṛ ḁṬḁḥḡḁ**, *Our Tongue*, **ḁṛ ḁṬḁḥ**, *Our Side*, &c.

Two **cc**, being met together in the beginning of a word, both pronounce like **ḡ**, but, the last is the maintaining letter, being the *radical* or *possessive*, as, **ḁṛ cceol**, *Our Music*, **ḁṛ ccaṛḁḡḁ**, *Our Friend*, &c.

**ccṬ**, meeting together in the beginning of a word, have the force of a **ḁ**, *only*, as, **ḁṛ ccḡḡḁṛḥḁ**, *Our Lord*, **ḁṛ ccḁḥ**, *Our Side*, &c.

When **ḁ**, is written before **l**, in the middle of a word, it is **l**, that pronounces always, as **coḁla**, *sleep*, sounds **colla**. **Fóḁla**, *a name given to Ireland*, sounds **Fóla**, &c.

When **l**, comes before **ḥ**, and both joined in the middle or end of a word, it is the force of **ll**, they always have, as, **coḥḁ**, *Body*, sounds like **colla**, &c. Thus ends a true and full description of all the consonants, both *single* and *double*, *plain*, and *aspirated*.

The three letters **l**, **ḥ**, **ṛ**, are never aspirated, but are always pronounced as in the English language, as you have been taught in the first Chapter. The double letters are termed **ceann**, i. e. *strong*, as **ll**, in **poll**, **hall**, **ḡeall**, &c., **ḥḥ**, in **chann**, **peann**, **ḡeann**, **ḡann**, **ceann**, &c., **ṛṛ**, in **clarr**, **barr**, **larr**, **fearr**, &c.

Now, I shall treat of the nature of the five vowels, called by the Irish **ḡuḁḁḡḁ**, and will show how they sound their quantities, and how they are to be pronounced severally in the Irish language. They are as follows: **a**, **e**, **i**, **o**, **u**, whereof three are pronounced *broad*, **a**, **o**, **u**, and two, *small*; **e** and **i**, as is mentioned in the first Chapter.

The learner must observe, that the vowels are always of a short quantity when without an *accent* or *long stroke*, thus (') set over them, but when this stroke is placed over a vowel in any syllable, it gives it a long sound, as **béal**, *Mouth*, **Séan**, *Prosperity*, &c.

From these five vowels being joined, or united together, arise thirteen *Diphthongs*, and five *Triphthongs*. The *Diphthongs* are called from having *two* vowels in one syllable, and are called in Irish **ḁḁḡḡḁḡḁḁ**, are as follows: **ao**, **ae**, **ai**, **ea**, **eu**, **eo**, **ei**, **ia**, **io**, **iu**, **ua**, **ui**, **oi**.

The five *Triphthongs* are called by the Irish **Ṭṛḁḡḡḁḡḁḁ**, on account of having *three* vowels in one syllable, are as follows, **aoi**, **eoī**, **iaī**, **iuī**, **uaī**.

The Irish Grammarians distinguish these *Diphthongs* and *Triphthongs* by names taken from the leading vowel of each class, as, **ḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ**, **ḁḁḁḁḁḁ**, **ḡḡḡḡḁḁ**, **ḡḡḡḡḁḁ**, **ḁḡḡḡḁḁ**.

The four that begin with **A**, should be called *Apthong*; those which begin with **E**, *Epthong*; those which begin with **I**, *Ipthong*; those which begin with **O**, *Opthong*; and those which begin with **U**, *Upthong*.

These terms of art and Initial of each class, are to be understood by the following two Irish verses:—

Ceire hamaicoill nioimeah,  
 Cuig Eabaða fóir go coireeah,  
 Cuig Ieioide muir air muir,  
 Tui huillioha agur Oir na haonair.

E, a dcúir zac Eabaða áh,  
 I, a dcúir zac Ieioiomláih;  
 U, a dcúir zac Uilleah uil,  
 A, a dcúir zac Amaicoill.

The **Amaicoill** ao, sounds like *e* in the English language, as **Aon**, *One*, **Caoc**, *Blind*, **Saon**, *Cheap*, **Maol**, *Bald-pated*.

**Amaicoill** ai, It is the *a* that pronounces mostly, but the *i* helps to pronounce the word, as **Cái**, *Fame*, **Fáig**, *Prophet*, **Tuáig**, *Strand*.

This Dipthong sounds always *short* without the *fine fada*, or long stroke, as, **Saí**, *a Beam*, **Oaí**, *Oak*, **Caíre**, *a Lease*, **Faí**, *a Pig-stye*.

**Amaicoill** ae, pronounces as it comes, and, is *always long*, as **Rae**, *Moon*, **Coírae**, *County*, **Nae**, *Yesterday*.

**Amaicoill** aoí, sounds like *ee*, in the English words, *see*, *bee*, *flee*, as, **Saoí**, *Carpenters*, **Caóí**, *Mild*, &c.

#### *The Five Epthongs—Na cúig Eabaða.*

**Eabaða** ea, pronounces like *a* in the English language, as, **Seairc**, *Love*, **Feairc**, *Grave*, **Neairc**, *Strength*.

But by placing the *fine fada*, or *long stroke* over the *e*, it alters the sound, and makes it long, as, **Féai**, *grass*, **Séad**, *a jewel*, **Séamur**, *James*.

**Eabaða** eu, is always long, and never requires the long stroke, as **Sgeul**, *Story*, **beul**, *Mouth*, **Tneun**, *Mighty*.

**Eabaða** eo, pronounces both together in the word, as **Ceol**, *Music*, **Ceo**, *Mist*, **Seol**, *Sail of a Ship*.

**Eabaða** eoí, the three pronounce in the word, as, **Feoí**, *Flesh*, **Treoir**, *Guide*, **Beoir**, *Beer*.

**Eí**, are sounded short when without the *accent* or *long stroke*, but long, when the *accent* is set over the Dipthong, as may be understood from the following examples: **deí**, *said*, (short), **ceíl**, *conceal*, (short), **céí**, *wax*, **léim**, *a leap*, (long).

*The Five Ipthongs*—*Na cúig Iphthongs.*

Iphth 14, sounds like *ea* in *dear, fear, &c.*, as, *Slíab, Mountain, Sreab, Bridle, Bpíab, Bryan.*

Iphth 10, it is the *i* that pronounces mostly in the word, and is naturally long, as, *Cíor, Rent, Fíon, Wine, Síor, down, &c.*

Iphth 12, both letters sound in the word together, as, *Síur, a Kinswoman, Tríur, Three, &c.*

Iphth 141, the three helps in the word together, as, *Slíab, Battle, Oíab, After, Líab, a Physician.*

Iphth 121, the three sounds in the word together, as, *rcíur, a helm, cíur, silent, Síur, the River Suir.*

*The Three Upthongs*—*Na trí huillíoh.*

Uílleah 14, both pronounces in the word, as *ruah, rest, buah, lasting, fuah, cold, ruab, red, &c.*

Uílleah 11, short, as, *fuil, blood, cuil, a flie, cuile, a quilt, muile, Wethers, &c.*

Uílleah 141, the three sounds in the word, as, *ruaíic, pleasant, duáic, a poem, &c.*

*The Opthong*—*An Oíic na haonáic.*

This *Opthong*, or *Oíic*, is always *short* without the accent, as, *coíic, crime, coíic, a hound, &c.*, but with the accent it is *long*, as *cóíic, justice, fóíic, help, móíic, turf, &c.*

The reader is requested to take particular notice of the *long* and *short* quantities of the *Dipthongs* and *Tripthongs*, as they are noted in the foregoing examples. It must be always observed by the learner, when the *long stroke*, (') which is called in *Irish*, *Síne fada*, comes over any single Vowel or Dipthong, *naturally short*, the syllable where any, or either of them are so marked with the said *accent*, or *stroke*, shall be always pronounced *long*, as, *báir, death, cáir, reason, Róir, Rose.*

Examples of long and short sounds :

Caoíic, mild.

Uaíic, generous.

Náíic, bashful.

Deíic, certain.

Múíic, mannerly.

Reíic, regard.

Do múíic, unapt to be taught.

Oí meíic, disregard.

Ioníic, inconstant.

Mííic, misfortune.

Clóíic, sword.

Cháíic, champion.

Dipthongs and Tripthongs shall never be divided, so you are not to write *pí-ah* for the word *píah, pain, &c.*

By a careful perusal of this short Introduction, the learner will be able to read any Irish book with ease.

The next number will contain an *Ode* to the Irish language, and an elegant Irish Song, with *literal translations.*

## ABRAHAM GARDNER.

" Let the simple Songs of our sires be tried,  
They go to the heart:—and the heart is all."—*Furlong.*

THE following beautiful Ode to the language of our country—the language that is dear to the Irish heart, is the production of some unknown Bard. I transcribed it from an Irish manuscript, very neatly written by a man named Philip Fitzgibbon, between the years 1750 and '85, as it bears both dates respectively. Fitzgibbon must have been a Kilkenny scribe, and, no doubt, has left other remains behind, besides the volume which came under my notice. Any person possessing such, would confer a favor by forwarding the same; as the names of such men as Philip Fitzgibbon; though now dead, should not be allowed to remain unnoticed.

To the same manuscript I am indebted for several beautiful and sublime Songs, on the unhappy state of *persecuted* Ireland. Many of these are from the pen of John Mac Donnell, a Cork poet of much celebrity, who flourished early in the eighteenth century, and better known by the name of "*Seaghan Claragh*;" to which I shall give precedence in this work.

Since my first number went to press, I have been put in possession of an Irish manuscript, containing many excellent *Jacobite* songs,—the joint production of *Conor*, and *Denis O'Sullivan* of Killeen, in the County of Cork, or Kerry. The book is in their own handwriting; and, from its date, it would appear they were cotemporary with *Seaghan Claragh*; besides, their songs breathe the same patriotic spirit and fervent zeal in the cause of their afflicted country.—These I will lay before my readers in due course.

# DOM-WHOLUDON NA GAODEILGE.

'Sj 'n teanga gaodeilge yr gneanta clō,

Go blayda lēigtēap i map ceol:

Sj canad bmačma bñ-ğuit beol,

'Sur fñor ġur mōr a h-ātreab:

Myl teanga aji domān dā breagēact 1,

le blay yr koñ 'nāp řámuō ři,

'Sur ceap do labma Dāime lñ;

Dānta yr ceol, d'fāğail na cōp;

Yr reanačay na Rjğ-řlajč mōr,

Yr řaojče cřōōa Člaj-luñic.<sup>1</sup>

Da mbead řjğče Eñmoñ řōr,

'Ma řvğe řan řjğeay a ġ-cēm,<sup>2</sup> řa ġ-copōm  
ba bñ řjollajde na gaodeilge leo,

Aji čaom-čmuř čeol, yr tājbley:<sup>3</sup>

beaōřleada lējğm go řárōa řōğāč,

Ajğ beana řaočaji dānta dōjō;

ğāč ejğre dōjō řan āmuř mōr,

Ajğ molaō an Rjğ řa mājč-ğñjom,

Yr a řinreap čreuna ġmojōe,

'Sa ġ-cřjōčajō řōōla 'n āmačt.<sup>4</sup>

Do beaō řaoğal dōrōa ajğ EJRE āřjř,

le řājōbreay, cōmāčta, řēm yr bñjğ:

lučt lējğm řaoj mōr čājčrejm řan řjğeāčt,

Yr treun-lučt, dōbjřt nāmajō:

D' ēmğeod 'n gaodeilge 'ğ-cejmjō apō,

A ġ-clō, řa ġ-cēll, taj beupla čāč,

Stajčāōa ġaōōal da leuğāō do ġnač,

Seanačajōeāčt, teayayğ Čřjōjō,

Yr dīaōajmōe Dē go řēm do řjorj

Ajğ lējř-mñjmuğāō 'n dōjğe neamōa.

1 Clap-Luñic, a name given to Ireland from Laoğajpe Lopc, who reigned for two years, A. M. 3586. This Laoğajpe Lopc, who was the son of Hugony the Great, of the line of Heremon, by Cearajř Čřmučāč, daughter to the King of France, who only bore two sons to Hugony, Laoğajpe Lopc, and Cobčāč caol mħpeay. He was called Laoğajpe Lopc, from the word *lore*, i. e. murder; he having murdered Eohy the Victorious, and was afterwards slain by his own brother, Cobčāč caol mħpeay at a place called Dingree, on the



## AN ODE TO THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

The Irish language is the neatest print;  
 It reads sweetly; like music,  
 It sings in sweet melodious strains:  
 And true, great is its circulation.  
 There is no language on earth, tho' great it may be,  
 In taste or song, that it has not excelled,  
 And how justly poets speak to us,—  
 Poetry and music in *it* is truly found:  
 And the history of the great heroic King:  
 And the valiant chiefs of *Clar-Luirc*.

Should the Kings of Ireland be again  
 Establish'd in the kingdom—with dignity crown'd,  
 How sweet the Irish verse would be to them,  
 Or the gentle music of the harp, and backgammon,  
 Learned bards would be *sumptuously* entertained,  
 Exerting their poetic skill for them—  
 Each learned of them in the spacious hall,  
 Praising the King—and his good deeds,  
 And his ancestors—powerful and valiant,  
 In the Kingdom of *Fodhla*,—mighty.

Ireland would have a golden age again,  
 In wealth and power,—sway and strength,—  
 Learn'd men would have great sway in the kingdom:  
 And a mighty host—banishing the enemy—  
 The Irish language would rise in high esteem,  
 In print and verse,—above all other languages—  
 The histories of the *Irish* would be constantly read,  
 And the Divines of God with mildness  
 Constantly expounding the heavenly law.

banks of the Barrow: *Vid. Keating's Ireland, Vol. I, p. 351, Haliday's translation. Dub. 1811.*

2 Ceim, elevation, dignity. *Heb.* cum, to rise, stand.

3 Caidleir, a backgammon table, the game of backgammon, with which the Fian amused themselves after the fatigues of the day, whether of war, or the chase.

4 Aipact, of aipactact, supremacy, might, power, bravery, courage.

## SEAGHAN MAC DOBHAILL,

Author of the following Song, better known by the name of "*Seaghan Claragh*," was born in, or near Charleville, in the County of Cork, in 1691, and lived so late as 1750, when he presided at the Munster Bardic Session, held at Charleville, at that period. I cannot learn how he assumed the *cognomen* "*Claragh*;" but a Mr. Mac Carty, from this locality, tells me, that the same respectable family are known, this day, by that name; and John Mac Donnell, Esq. of Charleville, who lived so late as 1836, and is likely to live still, was the last representative of the family. Mr. Hardiman, in his "*Irish Minstrelsy*," Vol. II. p. 116, states, that our poet "was born in the year 1691, in *O'Keefe's Country*, near Charleville;" and was known by the name of "*Claragh*," from the residence of his family, which was situate at the foot of a mountain of that name, between Charleville and Mallow.—It now remains to be seen, how far Mr. Hardiman's account is correct; as "*O'Keefe's Country*," or Cúillíń uí Óaoimh, is twenty-two miles from Charleville, and lies to the north-west of Millstreet, and south-west and west of Newmarket. In its greeatst extent it includes the Williamstown mountains, and "*Claragh*," the mountain alluded to by Mr. Hardiman, lies within an English mile of Millstreet, and, consequently, the same distance as *O'Keefe's Country*, from Charleville; and is the *first* of a range of mountains, that divides *Sliabh Luachra*, on the south, from Ballyvourney.

By these remarks I do not mean to impugn Mr. Hardiman's statement; my object is, to try and bring the real history of this great and good man before the public. Mr. O'Halloran speaks of him thus, in the Introduction to his

History of Ireland. " Mr. Mac Donnell, a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet, whose death I sensibly feel, and from whom, when a boy, I learned the rudiments of our language, constantly kept up this custom, (i. e. public Sessions of the poets, at stated times, to exercise their genius). He had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a history of Ireland; but a long sickness prevented his finishing this work. He proposed to some gentlemen in the county of Clare, to translate Homer into Irish, and, from the specimen he gave, it would seem, that this prince of poets would appear as respectable in a Gathelian as a Greek dress. But the death of the late Mac Namara put a stop to this attempt. This learned and worthy man died in the year 1751, near Charleville, and I have never since been able to find how his papers were disposed of, though I am told he left them to me."

His Songs, like all others of the same period, are of a high *Jacobite* character, and from the able exposures of his pen, the enemies of his race—the "*Bard-hunters*" fixed upon him as an object of persecution.—By his hasty retreats he often saved his life, and now, his remains lie interred in the old churchyard of Ballyslough, near Charleville, where the following inscription may be read on the flag that covers him.

✱ Johannes Mc Donald, cognominatus Cláragh, vir vere Catholicus, et quibus linguis ornatus, nempe Græca, Latina et Hybernica: non Vulgaris Ingenii Poeta, tumulatur ad hunc Cippum. Obiit Ætatis Anno 63, Salutis 1754. Requiescat in pace.

I cannot now recollect any of our popular Songs, to which the *air* of the following is adapted; but the Irish singer will immediately recognise it.

# 2151115 21R E1RE.

SEASAN CLÁNACH, RO CAN.

Oíðce bíor aig luíge am fuan,

Ir me aip buairéad tpe na caíaije.

Do fín an t-ríge-bean ílédac fuaipic,

Taoib lhom ruar aig deanao taíaije:

ba caol a comm, a cnaob-folt trióm,

Aig tígeact go boñ lei 'na ímaíaije,

ba dúibe a ghuaijg 'na an gual.

Ir ba gíle a ghuad ná 'na h-úllaije.

Muairi conaipic i, do bíogay ruar,

Go b-fionain uaiéi cap'b ay i:

Míir ímíotal rí, do rgeiñ rí uaim,

Ir bíor go duairic d'éir mo ítaíaije:

bpeactnaijeay a clód, a gnaoi 'ra rnuad,

Maí ríogain og do bí aip meaiíaije,

'S gur díbríod uaiéi an Ríge ba dúal

Do tígeact aig fuaríaije aip a ceaynaije.

Ir d'éirídeay go h-íogain luaié,

le ríog-má-cuairic a ndiaig mo cáilín;

Tímcíoll na ríge-chnoc áip na rluad,

'Na m-bíod mna truaíac<sup>1</sup> aig cuíine a

g-ceaynaije;

D'ínrígeay don t-rluad gan moill mo buairic,

bean Stíobairic fuaipic d'ímcígeay maí

ímaíaije,

Gan díol a tuairíge bíor na ruar,

Úr i do gluaijeay tpe na bealaije.

Tígm go ríge<sup>2</sup> mhc UIR na g-cnuac,

Do Cnaoib Ruad, 'gur tígm go Teamair;

Go ríge-chnoc Fíin, aoibín, fuair,

Ir Uoibill Ruad íe taoib na Cnaíge;

1 *Truaíac*. I cannot say whether this is the proper word or not, as the MS. was obliterated: and though I give it, I am of opinion it should be *ghuaíac*.

2 *Síge*, a *fairy*, or *hobgoblin*. *Leanan-ríge*, a *familiar spirit*. *Síge-gaoíce*, a *whirlwind*, so called because supposed to be raised by the fairies. *Síge-bíog*, or *íre-bíog*, from

## A VISION—ON IRELAND.

BY JOHN MAC DONNELL.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

One night as I lay in deep repose,  
 And troubled by the wars,  
 A pleasant, airy, fairy Being  
 Lay by my side, to make acquaintance.—  
 Slender was her waist,—her flowing locks heavy,  
 Reaching the ground in graceful curls;  
 Her hair was blacker than the coal,—  
 And her neck was whiter than the swan.

Soon as I beheld her, I started up,  
 To enquire of her where she was from;  
 She answered not, but from me fled,  
 And I was sad after my historian.—  
 I beheld her shape, her countenance and mien,  
 Like a young queen, that was bewildered,  
 For the King being banished from her, whose  
 duty it was

To come and deliver her from afflictions.

And I arose upright and quick,  
 To make a general search after my girl,  
 About fairy hills, amid thronged hosts,  
 Where sorrowful women bewail their sor-  
 rows.

I told the hosts my grief without delay,  
 How gentle Stuart's queen set off run-  
 ning,

And no tidings of her up or down,  
 But she moving through the highways.

I came to the mansion of Mac Lir, of the Cruaghs,  
 To the Red Branch; and I came to Temor;  
 To the fairy hills of Firinn, of gentle breezes,  
 And to Red Aoibhill, by the side of the rock.—

*ṛíḡe*, a fairy; and *bhíog*, a house or mansion; hence, *bean ṛíḡe*, a she fairy, plur. *mná-ṛíḡe*, she-fairies, credulously supposed to be so affected to certain families, that they are heard to sing mournful lamentations about their houses by night, whenever any of the family labours under a sickness, which is likely to terminate in death. In the locality where

Այլ իմ ան տ-լեյծե րմ ի՛ն ղեան շեօնա,  
 Տըճե ղա հ-սոնալ ճան ճեւարծե,  
 'Տ ծնարիւ րի ճո մեւծ մարիճ ղե ղա տաօ,  
 Լե լոյծեան ճո ղեյճքեւծ 1 օ ճալլսծ ?

Իր ճ'բարբարճեար ճի լա 1 ղե ճլաճան,  
 Օ'սոյր ան լիճեարմա եւծ ան բար ճրոյծե;  
 Մա ղիճե այլ ճաւոյճի ճո երիօճմար ճան,  
 Այճ ճիբիւ բլաճա-բույճ՝ օ ղա հ-ալլաւծ ?  
 Ճո ճն րի ա եւլ, ղի ճնարիւ ղի 'ր մօ,  
 Տեօ այլրիւծալ մար ճեօ 1, ղո մար րիճե-ճաւոյճ,  
 'Տ ղի'լ լոյնտար բօր Լե տաբարիւ ա ճ-լոյն,  
 Ըա հ-ամ ճո բօնրիճեար! այլ ան ղ-արբարծե.

I was born, a huge rock, in the shape of a chair, overhung a river; and on this chair, which had another stone, in the shape of a cushion, at the foot, the *Եան-րիճե* was reported to be seen seated, dressed in white, and wailing in hollow and mournful strains, the approaching dissolution of any member of the ancient families of the neighbourhood; and many of the peasantry would boldly assert having seen and heard her.—The chair, which went by the name of *Ըաճաւր ղա Եան-րիճե*, is to be seen there still, as it was considered fatal to remove it. The owner of the land where this relic stood, a Mr. James Brown, looked upon himself with no little importance, for being thus privileged above his respectable neighbours; and would often say, that no families, who were not of a *Milesian* stock, were to be favored with this fairy privilege.—Many a pleasant hour I spent on this chair.

3 *Ճալլսծ*. This word, which I have translated *Saxon*, was originally applied to the *Gauls*, a colony of whom, from the coast of France, settled in Ireland, under *Լաբրա Լոյնճ-բաւի*, A. M. 3682—(O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, Part III. c. xxxix. p. 262.) In the course of time, it came to signify any foreign invaders; but usually the *Danes* and *Norwegians*, in our Irish Annals. The Irish of the present day apply the term to the English, whom they call *Ըալլա Ճալլ*, as well as *Տաճրաւիճ*, (Saxons) having no other word to designate more emphatically the enemies of their race and oppressors of their country.

4 *Բլաճա-բույճ*, I have translated *tyrants*, which I believe to be the general acceptation of the word, whenever it occurs in our old Songs, particularly those of this period. According to Dr. O'Brien, the Irish lexicographer, *բլաճա*, means *savage*, *lord*, and *բույճ*, the plur. of *բույճ*, *buck-goat*; so that *բլաճա-բույճ*, might be translated *bucksome*, *fat*, *tyrannical landlords*, and surely the poetic allusion is to the *lords of the soil*.

At Aoivill's rocks\* no more she mocks  
 The ear and eye that long pursu'd her—  
 I list her tale of the chainless Gael—  
 The slaughter of the fierce intruder!

"Say, O say, thou being bright!  
 When shall the land from slavery waken?  
 When shall proud Stuart claim his right,  
 And tyrant hearts be terror-shaken?"  
 She gives no sign—the form divine  
 Pass'd like the winds by fairies woken!  
 The future holds in Time's dark folds,  
 The despot's chain of bondage broken!

At the suggestion of some friends I have altered my original plan, in order to facilitate the reading of the Songs to those who do not understand the Irish language; and, in the present number, is given an *interlinear* translation on the Hamiltonian system, from which I shall not depart in future. A second edition of the second number will shortly appear in this form, and, as the *literal* translation, which accompanied that number is now dispensed with, I have engaged Mr. Edward Walsh, a writer thoroughly conversant with the legends and manners of the peasantry of the South of Ireland, and a principal contributor to the "Nation Newspaper," to furnish the metrical version which now appears, as well as that which will appear hereafter; thus making my penny publication suit the views and wishes of the community.

The patriotic little melody which appears on the next page claims precedence. The poet personifies a struggling farmer, or, to use a common phrase, "one who has been wrestling with the world," plagued by the moans of a starving family, which he can neither feed nor clothe, from the exorbitant demands of an unjust and oppressive landlord, as the reader will easily perceive. He also brings before us a picture of the spoliation and ruin of our unhappy country, and characterizes the rude barbarian adventurers that from time to time made predatory incursions into Ireland; and shews with what intrepidity they were repulsed by bands of Irish heroes united. The Song is written to that beautiful and well-known *air*, the *Tabairn Seál Bán*, which I shall have great pleasure in laying before my readers in a future number.

I have to thank P. F. White, Esq. Illustrator of the Bards and Ancient Music of Ireland, Wexford; Messrs. Michael O'Sullivan, and Martin Griffith, Kilrush, County Clare; for the valuable collection of manuscript Songs they have sent me, from which I shall make selections for my next number.

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\* Celebrated fairy haunts.

# AM BOHMAIRE FIAOHA-PHUIC.

Seághan Cláiríach, nó éan.

A ré do leónaíð mo cúmar ;  
 An boñaire<sup>1</sup> fiaða-phuic,<sup>2</sup> fághan ;  
 Do léim éar teóruíñ do éurraic,  
 Le'ri míllead le cian an mága :  
 Faol-choin<sup>3</sup> fóir-neirit le fvineam,  
 Cúir bair<sup>4</sup> air ó éirall a gná'air,  
 D'éimíð ré cóiriac gan mýneac ;  
 'S d'iméig<sup>5</sup> ó rian a námaíð.

Uta mo córaíð<sup>6</sup> gan fúitín,<sup>7</sup>  
 'S mo cúirgír<sup>8</sup> gan féur, gan fáir,  
 Uta an-fóig<sup>9</sup> air mo mýneair,  
 'S a n-uillíñ gan eádaí rlan :

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

A ré do leónaíð mo cúmar  
 'Tis he that wounded my power  
 An boñaire fiaða-phuic fághan  
 The footman hunting-folk wandering  
 Do léim éar teóruíñ do éurraic  
 Did leap over bounds did push  
 Le ar míllead le cian an mága  
 By whom wasted for long time the plain

<sup>1</sup> Boñaire, a *footman*, or, one who has been constantly travelling on foot, as the word fághan, (*wandering*) would indicate.

<sup>2</sup> Fiaða-phuic, *tyrants*. I am told that the literal translation is *hunting-folk*, from Priest-hunting, or Bard-hunting; but the general acceptance of the word is *tyrants*.

<sup>3</sup> Faol-choin, *wild-dogs, blood-hounds*; means also *brave warriors* which is that intended by the poet.

<sup>4</sup> Córaíð, a *pair*; perhaps his wife and child.

<sup>5</sup> Fúitín, (from fúit, *rags of cloth*,) *covering, heat, shelter*.

<sup>6</sup> Cúirgír, (from cúirg, a *yoke*,) a *pair of horses*, or *oxen*.

Fa cúirg na n-gall ba brúíad go ceáñ.

Under Saxon yoke severely gored.

<sup>7</sup> Fáir, *growth, increase*.



## THE CRUEL BASE-BORN TYRANT.

(A JACOBITE RELIC,)

*Closely translated from the Irish.*

What withered the pride of my vigour?

The lowly-sprung tyrant train

That rule all our border with rigour,

And ravage the fruitful plain—

Yet once when the war-trumpet's rattle

Arous'd the wild clansman's wrath,

They, heartless, abandon'd the battle,

And fled the fierce foeman's path!

The loved ones my life would have nourish'd

Are foodless, and bare, and cold—

My flocks by their fountain that flourish'd,

Decay on the mountain wold—\*

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Faol-óir le fúineam  
Wild-dogs oppressive with vigourCuir bréad air ó éirill a gnáthair  
Did break on (him) from design his customÓ éirib ré comhac gan mórneac  
Did quit he conflict without courageAisur do mbeig o rian a nárthair  
And did evade from track (of) his enemies.Aca mo órthair gan fíreir  
Are my pair without shelterAisur mo cuirteir gan fear gan far  
And my yoke without grass without increase (growth)Aca an-íobair air mo mhíreir  
Are misery on my familyAisur a n-uillir gan éadaic rian  
And their elbows without clothes sound

---

\* *Wold*, signifies a plain open country, from the Saxon *polb*, a plain and a place without wood. *Gibson's Camden*.

Ա՛տ՛ա աղ տօյր ալի մօ մուլլա՛ճ,  
 Զօ միշտ օ շիջարնա 'ղ րէալտ ;  
 'Տ 'տ՛ա մօ Բրօճա-րա ԲրիրԵ,  
 'Տ չան քոնջոն Ե՛ս Բ-բլա՛ճ՝ ամ Լալմ.

Իր Լէրն Ե՛ղլեօ-ճոյժ չար շարժեաԾար,  
 ՏյոլլալիճԵ՝ շքեւն ալի Լալ ;  
 'Տ չար շիջիչ րի՛ն մօր-ճնօ Ե՛աճ-ճումալն,  
 Պիրեաճ, Իր Կաօմնա, Իր Ճրճօ :  
 Բ'բիծար Բօր Լե Րիճ Մեմե,  
 Զօ Ե-ժոգբաճ աղ Լաօճ շար Բալլ՝ ;  
 Զօ իբիջբաճ ԲօԾԼա չօ Կ-ճիլե,  
 Զ ԵւրԿաճալԵ Ե՛աօր աղ ճարի.

~~~~~

ՊԱՇ ԱՄ ՇԵԱՄԱՅԻՆԵ.

Տեճչան ԸԼԱՊԻԱՇ, իճ ճան.

Ալրլոնջ Բաօն Ե՛օ ԵարԿար Բէմ, ալի  
 ԼեաԲաճ 'ր մէ չօ Լաճ-Բրիճեաճ ;

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ա՛տ՛ա աղ տօյր ալի մօ մուլլա՛ճ  
 Are the pursuers on my top (of my head)  
 Զօ միշտ օ շիջարնա աղ րէալտ  
 Very often from lord (of) the state  
 'Տ չար ա՛տ՛ա մօ Բրօճա-րա ԲրիրԵ  
 And are my shoes own broken  
 'Տ չան չան քոնջոն Ե՛ս Բ-բլաճճ ամ Լալմ.  
 And without penny of (their) debts in (my) hand.

Իր Լէրն Ե՛ղլեօ ճոյժ չար շարժեաԾար  
 'Tis manifest in (the) fight (of the) hills that they fell  
 ՏյոլլալիճԵ շքեւն ալի Լալ  
 Clans brave on middle (on the ground)

---

<sup>8</sup> ՏյոլլալիճԵ, *clans, youths, saplings.*

Misfortune my temper is trying ;  
 This raiment no shelter yields—  
 And chief o'er my evils undying,  
 The tyrant that rules my fields !

Alas ! on the red hill where perish'd  
 The offspring of heroes proud,  
 The virtues our forefathers cherish'd,  
 Lie pall'd in their blood-stain'd shroud !  
 And O ! for one hero avenger,  
 With aid o'er the heaving main,  
 To sweep from *Clar-Fodhla* the stranger,  
 And sever his bondage chain !

~~~~~

# MAC AN CHEANAIGHE.

(A JACOBITE RELIC.)

*Translated from the Irish.*

A vision bless'd my eyes erewhile,  
 Revealing scenes sublime and airy !

—————

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Águr zur éiríṣ ríṁ mór-cúib deaṣ-cumáin  
 And that forsook us great share (of) good fellowship

Ḃuṛneac águr caomha águr zṛaḁ  
 Courage and protection and love

ba éiríḁr éor le Ríṣ Neime  
 Perhaps yet by King (of) Heaven

Ṣo bclocṛaḁ aṇ laoc éar rale  
 Will come the hero over (the) sea

Ḃo réiṣṛeaḁ Fódla zo huile  
 Will free *Fodhla* all over

O Turcaḁaib daor aṇ aṛr.  
 From Turks guilty (of) the slaughter.

~~~~~

Árliṇṣ raon do deaṛcaṛ éin aṛ  
 Vision empty did behold I (self) on

Leabaḁ águr me zo laṣ-briṣeaḁ  
 Bed and I very feeble

ʒn aɲ-ʔɪɲ ʔɛɲɲ d'áɲ b'aniɲm éɲɲe,  
 ʒɟ teacɔb am ɟaop aɲɲ maɲcaɲɟeacɔb :  
 ʒ ʔɲɲle ɟɲaɲ, a cúl tɲuɔb, caɲɔa,  
 ʒ cɔm ba cɔol, 'ɲ a maɲɲɟe ;  
 ɔa ɲɲɔɛam ɟo ɲaɲɔ aɟ tɲɟeacɔb 'na ɟaɲ,  
 le ɔɲɟɲaɲɲ ʒac an Cheaɲaɲɟe.<sup>1</sup>

ʒ beól ba bɲɲ, a ceól ba cɔoɲm, 'ɲ  
 Rɔ-ʔeapɲc ɲɲ an caɲɲɲ ;  
 Cɛɲle ɔɲaɲm d'áɲ ɟɛɲɲɲɔ 'n ʔɲaɲ,  
 ʒo ɲɛɲɲ-cɲeacɔb ɔɲan a h-aɲcɔb :  
 ʔá ʔɲɲɲɲɲɲ ɟall<sup>2</sup> dá bɲɲɲɔb ɟo teaɲ,  
 ʒo cɲɲɲɲɲɲ t-ʔeaɲɟ, 'ɲ mo beaɲ-ɟaopɲɛɲɲ,  
 beɲɔ ɲɲ 'na ɲɲɲeaɲ,<sup>3</sup> an ɲɲɟ-beaɲ ɔeaɲ,  
 ɟo bɲɲɲɲɲɲ ʒac an Cheaɲaɲɟe.

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒn aɲɲɲɲɲ ʔɛɲɲ ɔo aɲ ba aɲɲɲm éɲɲe  
 The damsel mild whose name (was) (Eire)

ʒɟ teacɔb am ɟaop aɲɲ maɲcaɲɟeacɔb  
 Approaching me near on horseback (riding)

ʒ ʔɲɲle ɟɲaɲ a cúl tɲuɔb caɲɔa  
 Her eyes green (blue) her head (hair) thick twisted (curling)

ʒ cɔm ba cɔol aɟuɲ a maɲɲɟe  
 Her waist so slender and her eyebrows

ɔa ɲɲɔɛam ɟo ɲaɲɔ aɟ tɲɟeacɔb ɲa ɟaɲ  
 Proclaiming there was coming nigh her

---

<sup>1</sup> ʒac an Cheaɲaɲɟe, a poetical allegory for the king of Spain, from whom the Irish expected aid to shake off the Saxon yoke.

<sup>2</sup> ʔá ʔɲɲɲɲɲɲ ɟall, a metaphor taken from threshing corn, shewing that the Irish were so severely bruised under the tyrannical lash of the Saxon, as the straw is beneath the flail of the thresher.

<sup>3</sup> Spɲeaɲ, *withered, diminutive*. By this passage the poet implies that this kingdom would be reduced to such a state of misery and ruin, as not to be worth fighting for, when the expected aid would arrive.

The genius of green Erin's isle,  
 Stood by my couch, a gorgeous fairy—  
 Her blue eyes' glow, her ringlets' flow,  
 And pure, pale brow exceeding any,  
 Proclaimed, with pride, that at her side  
 Would sit, her true-love, *Mac an Cheannaise*.

Her voice is sweetest music's sound  
To us who for her love are dying :  
Proud spouse of Brian, conquest-crown'd,  
I mourn the doom that leaves thee sighing !  
When Saxon might assails thy right,  
I dread, fair queen, belov'd of many,  
That o'er thy brow dark sorrow's plough  
Shall come, ere cometh *Mac an Cheannaisle* !

**INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.**

2e ɔjɔɣɪɪɾ ʔɔc an Cheanaɪʒe.  
 With diligence Son (of) the Merchant.

2 beól ba bīn a ceól ba cāoīn aḡur  
 Her mouth so melodious her music (voice) so mild and

Ró-jeapc lĩn an caĩlĩn  
Very love with us the girl

Cēle      Ծրւալոյ ծօ ևս չէլլօ ևս ի՛մոյ  
Spouse (of) Bryan to whom yielded the hosts (armies)

Mo léin-éneac dian a haicib  
My open woe severe her disease

Բա ընդուն Յալ ծա Բրնչած Յո Եան  
 Under flails Saxon pressing her fiercely

Mo cúilíon creang agus mo bean-ghaoidéil  
My fair one slender and my kins-woman

beio ri iona rpphear an rii5-bean dear  
Will she be withered the princess beautiful

To fill up ~~20~~ ac an Cheanaize.  
Till returns Son (of) the Merchant.

Ma céadta 'tá a b-péin do ghráð, le  
 Geur-íearc ráim dá cheir-mhín;  
 Clanna ríge, maca Míleáð,  
 Draigín líomhta, is gairgidicc:  
 Ghnúr 'na ghaol, ní múrghlan sí,  
 'S tís dúbac fá ríor an caslín;  
 Míl faeríom real, le tígeact 'na gar,  
 Go bfuillfís Mac an Cheanaige.

'Dúbairt aísir an óig-bean mhín, gur  
 Siur na ríge cleach sí;  
 Conn ar áit, ba lóimhíní meact  
 ba fóglaic glaic a ngleacairdeact:  
 Go d-tiocfaid Seághan tair toisín aiséin,  
 Is lúgh mac céin, an fear giorde;  
 beir sí 'na rppear, gan lúge le fear  
 Go bfuillfís Mac an cheanaige.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ma céadta atá a b-péin do ghráð le  
 Hundreds are in pain of love with  
 Geur-íearc ráim dá cheir mhín  
 Sharp affection tranquil to (her) skin smooth  
 Clanna ríge maca Míleáð  
 Sons (of) kings sons (of) Milesius  
 Draigín líomhta aísir gairgidicc  
 Dragons polished and champions  
 Ghnúr íona ghaol ní múrghlan sí  
 Frown in her countenance not awakens she  
 Ásur tís dúbac fá ríor an caslín  
 And cometh sorrowful under fatigue the girl  
 Ní bfuil faeríom real le tígeact íona gar  
 Not had ease a-while to come her nigh  
 Go bfuillfís Mac an Cheanaige.  
 Till returns Son (of) the Merchant.

Myriads languish for her love,  
 And burn to clasp her form of beauty—  
 For her have kings and heroes strove,  
 Rivals high in love and duty.—  
 But joy's bright trace ne'er lights her face,  
 She fears her foemen fierce and many;  
 No hope-fraught ray to cheer her way,  
 Will come, till cometh **ՉԺԸ ԵՆ ՇԵՈՒՅԷ**.

“My brethren,” said the beauteous maid,  
 “Were kings supreme and chiefs of glory,  
 Conn of the blood-red battle blade,  
 And Art, the theme of ancient story.  
 And o'er the deep, where tall barks leap,  
 Shall heroes come renown'd and many.”  
 Alas the day!—thy charms' decay  
 Shall come, ere cometh **ՉԺԸ ԵՆ ՇԵՈՒՅԷ**.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

**Չ ԺԱԻՐԸ ԵՐԻՐ ԵՆ ՕՅ-ԵԱՆ ի՞ն շՍՐ**  
 Said again the youthful-woman smooth that

**ՏՍՐ յԱ իՅՇԷ ՇԼԵՇԸ ՐԻ**  
 Niece (to) the kings practised she

**ԸՈՆ ԵՅՐ ՉԻՐ ԵԱ ԼՈՒՊԱՐ ՈԵՇԸ**  
 Conn and Art whose powerful laws

**ԵԱ ԲՕՂԼԸ ՅԼԻՇ Ե ՆՂԼԵԱՇԵԱՇ**  
 Whose destructive hand in combat

**ՅՕ Ե-ՇՐՈՐԲԸ ՏԵՂՁԱՆ ՇԱՐ ԺՕՒ ՇԻՅԻՆ**  
 Till comes John across ocean deep

**ՉՅՐ ԼԷՅԻ ՊԱՇ ՇԵՆ ԵՆ ՔԵԱՐ ՅՈՒՅԷ**  
 And Lughadh son (of) Cein the man mighty

**ԵԵՇ ՐԻ ՅՈՒՅ ԲՐԵԱՐ ՅԱՆ ԼՍՅԷ ԼԵ ՔԵԱՐ**  
 Will she be withered without espousing with man

**ՅՕ ԵՐԼԼԻՅՈՅ ՉԺԸ ԵՆ ՇԵՈՒՅԷ**  
 Till returns Son (of) the Merchant.

'Dúbairt-ra léi ari clor a rgeil, gur  
 Rún nár euz do cleacó rí;  
 Cuaird don Spáing, ir ruair rí bár,  
 Njri éruaz le cách a cearyhge:  
 Ari clor mo gucáó 'b-fozur di,  
 Do bjoz a cpóide 'r do rgead rí;  
 'S d'éaloio an t-anam d'aon-phieib ahte,  
 Mo leun-ra! 'n bean go neim-mbrígeac.

### AMFOCUIM BREUTUIM.<sup>1</sup>

Seágan Cláirach, nó can.

Eiriois le 'm glóirca a mór-phoóbó mlléruir,  
 Dur díbre ba deonac mo rgeol do rgeipe;  
 Búir raorfe ce leonad, búir leóma<sup>2</sup> 'r búir  
 laócraó,  
 A g-cpíoc Inyr-fóbla, gan fód, gan fearan:

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

A dúbairt-ra léi ari clor a rgeil gur  
 Said I to her on hearing her tale that  
 Rún nár euz do cleacó rí  
 Secret not perished did practice she  
 Cuaird don Spáing a zur ruair rí bár  
 Went to Spain and she died  
 Njri éruaz le cách a cearyhge  
 Not pitied by others her afflictions

<sup>1</sup> Rún nár euz, *a project which fails not*; or, in other words, her going to Spain will eventually be the means of restoring her to the possession of her kingdom; but her dying, and few pitying her complaints, shew her fruitless expectations (the Armada excepted) of succour from that quarter.

<sup>2</sup> This sublime song is a poetic translation of an article which appeared in a newspaper in 1744, relative to the difficulties England sustained at that period from foreign powers; and, for the better understanding of the song, I would refer the reader to some diffuse history of the period.

<sup>3</sup> Leóma<sup>2</sup>, *lions*, allegorically used by poets to mean the bravest of their heroes—the lion being the fiercest of the tribes of the forest.



"There's glory for thy future day,  
 The banner green shall yet be flying,"  
 I cried—but 'neath the vision's sway,  
 In distant Spain I saw her dying!  
 As burst my cry, she gave reply,  
 One shriek the wildest far of any—  
 My bitter grief found no relief,  
 Till fled thy *keener*, *20* *an Cheanaise.*

## THE PERIL OF BRITAIN.

Ye offspring of heroes through centuries olden,  
Lend an ear to the tale which the muse hath unfolden—  
Though landless your nobles—your chiefs lion-hearted,  
From fair *Inis-Fodhla* for ever are parted—

**INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.**

Զլիւ լօր մօ շուած և եփօշը Ե  
 On hearing my voice nigh to her  
 Եօ եօզ և արօծե Զշը Ե ըշեւ րի  
 Did start her heart and did shriek she  
 Զշը Ե Զալօծ Ե շ-Եմ Ե Զօն-բիւն Զրէ  
 And did steal the soul of one-bounce out of her  
 Ձօ լեւ-րա ! Ե եւ Զօ ընիմ-մերիջեաւ .  
 My woe ! the woman powerless.

Երբիչ ԼԵ ԵՄ չԼՈՐԷԱ Ե յժՈՐ-ԻԼՈՇԸ      ԶՈՒԼԵՐԻՍԻՐ  
 Listen to my words you noble-posterity (of) Milesius  
 ԵՍՐ ԵԻԵՐԵ ԵԱ ՏԵՈՆԱՇ ՄՈ ՐՇԵՈԼ ԵՐ ՐՇԱՐԵ  
 'Tis to you I am willing my tale to unfold  
 ԵՐՆ ՐԱՅԻՇԷ ՇԵ ԼԵՈՆԱՇ ԵՍՆ ԼԵՃՅԱՐՆ ԱՅՐ ԵՍՆ ԼԱՕՐՈՒՅ  
 Your chiefs tho' wounded your lions and your heroes  
 Ա Յ-ՇՐԻՇ      ԼԻՐ-ԲՕԼԱ ՅԱՆ ԲՕՆ ՅԱՆ ՔԵԱՐԱՆ  
 In the kingdom (of) *Inis-Fail* without sod without inheritance



There's Philip victorious o'er wide earth and wave ;  
 His allies death-dealing, unsheathed the glaive ;  
 Wild havoc and ruin shall seize the oppressor,  
 And God's red right arm shall be Erin's redresser !

Whole armies are banded, and heaven their protector,  
 To scourge the vile soldiers of George the Elector ;  
 By the wrath of the Lord, o'er the wild billow driven,  
 His fleets seek their harbours, all shatter'd and riven !  
 His thousands that march'd to a far, foreign shore,  
 Have pil'd the sad fields of defeat in their gore ;  
 Carthagera's dire day gave his brave a red pillow,  
 And his sails sought Sebastian, in vain, o'er the billow !

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այս Երկ-ճարած Ծրօն չ'աճ լօ լե բաժ  
 And severe-cutting (of) bowels each day this long time  
 Այ ըն-ճարած Տեղիք չ'ունի չ'ունի չ'ունի  
 Constantly whipping George most active without cessation  
 Առ ան բլիճ Երկրե Երկրե աչքի և բլիճի և  
 The fleet(are) broken sickly and not relief have they  
 Ան մեծ ըն Եւ Երկրե Եւ ըն Եւ Եւ  
 The number that their troops did went afar off  
 Եւ լեւր ըն լեւր Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ  
 'Tis manifest not permitted any man of them back (the west)  
 Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ  
 Will remember for ever they on battle (of) Carthagera  
 Այս Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ Եւ  
 And on hoisting their sails for (the) port (of) Sebastian

’Ṭā bābānna cōmācṭac a ḡ-copōm ’r a ḡ-  
cēmjb,

2 n-impire ra n-foñv, rin rgeol nāp  
meayad ;

Այս րոյճեւորն ա իւրօրէ աջ իմաստի ծիւղ-նա,  
'Եւն իմիջ-եան ճօ ծօր-իւրիւ, 'Ի առ ծօր ծա-  
տարն :

'Tá Cējbjn-hulleŋ' ɣan cūmar, ɣan c'ric,

Ἄλλ' ὁμοῖον ἐνείκελ' ἀν' ἐνείκελ' ἀπὸ δ' ἐνείκελ';

Ἐὰ πρῶτ-για ἔστρ πόλανδ α b-πόρταβ ἱ-  
λέγια.

Син дојде рјучо Леополд кај себ на мал-  
ласт.

Ἐὰν ὠνηται<sup>5</sup> νόμιμα ὁ θεωρῶν, ἀδελφί-  
νην,

Տօ լալիդբա՛ճ, Տօ լեծմանձա, Տօ լօնմար, Լա-  
բար :

le tējñtjḅ, le tōjṛneac, le tōjṛmac, le trējne,  
le ʔaojtjḅ, le ʔlōjgjtjḅ, le ceoltajḅ caṭa ;

**INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.**

Առա Նախարար զօրհանգստի և զօրհանգստի և զօրհանգստի  
Is Bavaria mighty in crown and in dignity

Ա յ-իմքիւն ըստ յ-Եօրպ ըստ ըստ ըստ  
Their emperor in Europe that tale not expected

Այս բռնաբանը իր զորքերը հասցրեց Վիեննայի սահմանները  
Encamping his hosts at borders (of) Vienna

Ասա ան ընդ-հան յօ ծօր-բխիւց 7 ան շօրի ծա տաբան  
Is the queen in tears and the pursuers are routing her

<sup>4</sup> *Céibín-hullei*, *Count Khevenhuller*; a distinguished Austrian general who took a conspicuous part in this campaign.

<sup>5</sup> **Montemar**, *Duke of Montemar*, who commanded the Spanish army assembled at Rimini, and being joined by the Neapolitan forces, amounted to sixty thousand men, furnished with a large train of artillery, but sickness and desertion made him afterwards run into Naples, where he was followed by the king of Sardinia, as far as Rimini, when he resigned his commission to Count Gages.

Bavaria is mighty in greatness and glory,  
 The Sultan's in Europe—who'll credit the story?  
 Vienna's proud ramparts his horsemen beleaguer,  
 Its empress is tearful,—its foeman is eager.  
 Khevenhuller exiled has from Sicily fled;  
 Fierce war crush'd his power—his bandits are dead.  
 Silesia knows Prussia and Poland's infliction;  
 And Leopold! thy race feel the Lord's malediction!

De Montemar proud to the field is advancing  
 With lion-like leaders, with long lances glancing,  
 With fire and fierce slaughter, with Mars' mighty thunder,  
 With war's meetest music, with hosts without number—

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Առա Կեյօն-հուլլը չան շար չան շրի՜ն  
 Is Kheven-huller without power without country  
 Այ Տիրլիճե արքեաճ ան արքեաճ արք և Բայժոն  
 At Sicily sent the destruction on his troops  
 Առա Քրուր-րիա Բոլանձ և Բոժրեայի Տիրիա  
 Are Prussians and Poles in the ports (of) Silesia  
 Տոյ շոյճե լիյոճ Լեոպոլձ քայ շեճ ու մալլաճէ.  
 Then for ever(the) race (of) Leopold under mist of malediction.  
 Առա Պոնթեմար ոճոնձա չո քեօրաճ ԳՅ ԷԱրդամ  
 Is Montemar noble actively approaching  
 Չո Լայրեաճ չո Լեճմանձա չո Լոնմար Լարբար  
 With spears lion like powerfwl glittering  
 Լե Էլիշիճ Լե Էճրդեաճ Լե Էճրմաճ Լե քեյրե  
 With lightning with thunder with increase with power  
 Լե քայճիճ Լե լիճիշիճ Լե Էճլեայիճ ԿԱԷԱ  
 With nobles with hosts with music (for) battle

Mantua 'zur Milan, 'tá tultē dā bryōn,  
 'zur Turcamiz az tustim cum Pilyb zan  
 mōll;  
 Azur Capolur crōda; miz nōrman ran Ma-  
 pley,  
 ba žnjōmāc a n-žleo-chojc, a ž-cōmājple a  
 n-žčar.

'Ta laorpeac na lōčrañ, žo leōman-mjlleac,  
 lejpeac,  
 žo dječjollac, doj-byrde, a n-dōččar dajm-  
 žean;  
 'Sa mnycti le dōjyre h-žnōber, 'r byabant,  
 'Tā cnyž aji h-žllōnō, 'r nī leōmajrō  
 ppeabad:  
 Žtā re 'nojy ollan az nōčda na lañ,  
 berj cāpna 'zur coržajit, 'r cožad 'na  
 ž-cjōñ,  
 Dā rīne le Seojyre, žan mō-čnyre a nējn-  
 řeact,  
 Sin crjč aji mo ržeolta, 'r berj an byōn  
 aji byeatajn.

---

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Mantua azur Milan ata tultē dā. byōn  
 Mantua and Milan are flooded (full) of his troops  
 Azur Turcamizē az tustim cum Pilyb zan mōll  
 And Tuscany falling to Philip without delay  
 Azur Capolur crōda miz nōrman ran Napler  
 And Charles brave king formal in Naples  
 ba žnjōmāc a n-žleo-chojc a ž-cōmājple a n-žčar  
 So active in battle in council of the father  
 Ata laorpeac na lōčrañ žo leōman-mjlleac lejpeac  
 Is Louis (of) the torches lion-killing destructive  
 žo dječjollac doj-byrde a n-dōččar dajmžjōn  
 Diligently un-broken in hope firm

All Mantua and Milan his mandates obey ;  
 And Tuscany crouches to Philip's high sway,  
 And Naples hath yielded to Charles the glorious,  
 Prince sage in the council—in battle victorious.

The torch-tossing Louis—a lion in danger,  
 Sagacious, unshaken, to terror a stranger,  
 The fierce Gaul has led to the gates of Hanover ;  
 His heel crushes Holland—its glory is over !  
 And now, while unsheathing his far-flashing brand,  
 Fell carnage, dark demon, starts forth at his hand ;  
 And George is the game the wild war-hound's pursuing ;  
 There's an end to my theme—to the Saxon red ruin !

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ազոր և մայրքին Լ ծօրքը Կ-Պոօբըն Էջոր Երաբանտ  
 And his people at the doors (of) Hanover and Brabant

Պէտ Էյրոյ Էյր Կ-Պոնոն Էջոր ի լեօմայթիս քրեաբան  
 Is yoke on Holland and not attempt starting

Պէտ քէ Էյորի օլլան Էջ ոօժժա ի Լ Լան  
 Is he now ready unsheathing the swords

Եթ շ Էյրն Էջոր Էյր Էյր Էյր Էյր Էյր Էյր Էյր  
 Will be carnage and cutting and war with them

Օ քին Լ Տեօրքը Էյր ի լե-Էյրքը և ի լե-Էյրքը  
 Dealing with George without weariness together

Տի Էյր Էյր Էյր Էյր Էյր Էյր Էյր Էյր Էյր Էյր  
 Is end on my tales and will be the sorrow on Britain.

UALLCÚBHAD MHA MHUOI ALBAM  
 U MÓIUAJH U CÉILE, RÍH SÉAIRIUS.<sup>1</sup>

Seághan Clárach, nó éan.

Mj muidearad féin cía e mo rtor,  
 beo iñrin rgeil 'na deis go leor;  
 Duidm cum aon-mhc De na g-cómact,  
 go d-tígead mo laoc gan baogal beo.  
 O! mo laoc, mo gile, m'fear,  
 O! mo gaodal, mo gile, m'fear;  
 Aon t-ruan cum réin, nj b-ruairi-  
 ear féin,  
 O cuaid a gcéin mo gile, m'fear!

ba mear i r'hl glay mhineac beo,  
 Uir daic an dnuicta a g-cumair an ror;  
 'Ta Mair 'r Cúip go h-umal a g-clodh,  
 u b-peairian úr 'r a n-ghuir mo rtor.  
 O! mo laoc, gc.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Mj muidearad féin cía hē mo rtor  
 Not proclaim self who is my dear (treasure)  
 beo iñrin rgeil iona deis go leor  
 Will be relating tales after him many  
 Duidm cum aon-mhc De na g-cómact  
 I pray to only Son (of) God (of) the powers  
 go dtígead mo laoc gan baogal beo  
 Doth come my hero without danger alive

<sup>1</sup> I have transcribed this and the following Song from a manuscript collection made by Conor O'Sullivan, a Munster poet, and a cotemporary of Seághan Clárach. The date of the manuscript (which is now in my possession,) is 1754, and it contains many beautiful songs, the joint production of the writer and a brother bard, named Denis O'Sullivan. The present Song is intended as the lamentation of an Albanian lady for her exiled spouse, Ríh Séairius. It is written to the air of the *White Cockade*, and from the high poetic talent of the writer Coñcúbair ua Súillíobair, whose effusions shall see the light in a future number, I consider the version quite correct.—J. DALY.



# THE LADY OF ALBANY'S LAMENT FOR KING CHARLES.

I'll not reveal my true love's name ;  
 Betimes 'twill swell the voice of fame—  
 But, O! may heaven, my grief to quell,  
 Restore the hero safe and well !

My hero brave, *ma ghile, m'fhear,\**  
 My kindred love, *ma ghile, m'fhear ;*  
 What wringing woes my bosom knows,  
 Since cross'd the seas *ma ghile, m'fhear !*

His glancing eyes I may compare  
 To diamond dew on rose-buds rare—  
 And love and valour brighten o'er  
 The features of my bosom's store !  
 My hero brave, &c.

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

O! mo laoc mo z̃ile mo fear  
 Alas! my hero my brightest my spouse (husband)

O! mo zaodal mo z̃ile mo fear  
 Alas! my kin my brightest my spouse

Don tpuan cum r̃ein ñi b̃ruaigear r̃ein  
 One repose to prosperity not I found self

O cuaid a z̃c̃ein mo z̃ile mo fear.  
 Since went afar my brightest my spouse.

b̃a m̃ear i r̃uil z̃lar m̃ũir̃heac̃ beõb̃  
 Was quick his eye blue cheerful alive

Air̃ d̃ãic̃ ãn d̃r̃úcta a z̃c̃ũm̃air̃ ãn ñor̃  
 On colour the dew in edge the rose

Aca M̃air̃ ãzur̃ C̃úip̃ib̃ zo h̃um̃al a z̃cl̃odb̃  
 Are Mars and Cupid pliant in variety

A b̃pear̃rãñ úr̃ ãzur̃ a ñz̃h̃úir̃ mo r̃c̃or̃  
 In person tender and in countenance my dear

O! mo laoc, &c.  
 Alas! my hero, &c.

\* The English reader will pronounce the Irish here as if written *ma yilli mar*.

Խի Լաճարժա 'ն շուս ճօ րապիւ ծամ ծօյն !  
 'Տ իյ Բին ճուճ Գաճար Է Գ-Ծօյլիւն շոճի,  
 Խա մաճօյն Է-րապիւս Է ի-Գլեանժաւն շօ ;  
 Օ Ծ'յմէյն ապիւն ան Բուսճալլ Բօ !

O! mo laoc, 7c.

Եյմ այր ԲԱՅԻՐ ՀԱՇ ՍԱՅԻ ԵՔ 'Ն ԼՕ,  
 ԱՅ ԲԻՅՐԵԱԾ ՇՐԺՈՔ 'Ր Կ ՇԱՅ ԴԱ Պ-ԵՔՐ !  
 Օ Ծ'ԻՄՇԻՅ ՍԱՅԻ ԱՊ ԲԱՎՇԱՅԼ ԵՔ,  
 'Տ ՆԱՇ ԲԱՅԱՄ ՏՈՊ ԵՍԱՅԻՐՅ ՍԱՅ, ՄՕ ԵՐՈՆ !

O! mo laoc, 7c.

Խի՛ր էլլո՞յծ Քոեբայ՝ քե՛ն մար՝ ր՝ Կոյի,  
 'Տ'ալի 4 չաօմ-ճեւի՝ լե՛յծ 'տ՛ա՝ Ծա՛ղ-Երատ  
 Երո՞մ !

'Tá faob ari rpéiri 'r rpéiriling mór,  
Fa cōillte a gcéin mar d'éaloró an leógan.

O! mo laoc, 7c.

**INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.**

**Nj labar̥t̥a      an   čuac̥   ʒo   r̥vaɪnc̥   ðam̥   ðeoj̥n**  
**Not   speak (dumb)   the cuckoo   with pleasure   to me agreeable**

Անյւր ոյ՝ Բի՞ն շարէ չաճար և չծոլլելի՛ն Եո՞ծ  
And not melodious howl dogs in woods nuts

**Na majbjon t'rammad a ngleh'tayb ceo**  
**Or morning summer in glens mist**

O do ɪmɔ̃ʒ̃ uɑɪŋne aŋ buɑɔɑɪll beɔ̃  
 As did depart from us the boy (youth) lively

0! mo laoc, 7c.

Alas! my hero, &c.

Ի՞նչիմ մըր ԲԱՃԻՐԷ ՅԱՇ ԱՄԻՐ ՃԵ ԱՆ ԼՕ  
I do be in trouble each hour of the day

**ᐱᓂ ᐅᓯᓯᓯᐅᐅ ᑕᓯᐅᓯᐅᐅ ᐱᓂᓯ ᐱᓂ ᑕᐱᐅᓯ ᓇᐱ ᓇᐅᐅᓯ**  
**Breaking heart and shedding the tears**

No cuckoo's note by fell or flood,  
No hunter's cry through hazel wood,  
Nor mist-wrapt valley yields me joy,  
Since cross'd the seas my royal boy.—  
My hero brave, &c.

Opress'd with grief, I hourly cry,  
With bursting heart and tearful eye—  
Since we did thee, fair youth, resign  
For distant shores, what woes are mine!  
My hero brave, &c.

The sun his golden glory shrouds  
In mantle sad of sable clouds ;  
The threat'ning sky of grief portends,  
Since through far realms our lion wends !  
My hero brave, &c.

**INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.**

O do mteĩs uaĩn an buacai!l beo  
As did leave us the boy (youth) lively  
Aĩur naĩ faĩam aon tuaĩnĩĩs uaĩs mo bĩon!  
And not find we one tiding from him my woe!  
O! mo laoc, 7c.  
Alas! my hero, &c.

Ni an eṛṣṣib Phoebar řan mar ar cōṛṛ  
Not did arise Phoebus self as is right  
Azur aṛ a čaoṛṛ-čṛeṛ řeṣṣ ačā ḍaol-bṛač bṛōṛṛ  
And on his gentle skin smooth are sable cloud (of) sorrows  
Ačā řaob aṛ řṛeṛ aṣur řṛeṛṛṛṛṛ ṁōṛ  
Are dim on sky and disaster great  
Fa cōṛṛte a ṣčeṛṛ mar ḍo čāloṛṛ an leoṣan  
Under woods distant as did wander the lion (hero)  
O! mo laoc, ṛc.  
Alas! my hero, &c.

ʒh mapiac̃ uaral, uaiþneac̃, ðʒ,  
 Cpiõðe ʒan ʒruaim 'r ruaiþice rñõð;  
 Cpiõðaiþe luaimneac̃, luaiþ̃ a ngleð,  
 ʒʒ tpearʒaiþc̃ rluaz̃a, 'r aʒ ruaz̃að  
 tpeoiþ.

O! mo laoc̃, ʒc.

ʒr car̃ a c̃ul, 'r ar̃ c̃uþrac̃ cõþi,  
 'S ðlaoiþeac̃, ðl̃ỹt̃, 'r ar̃ b̃uclac̃, mõþ;  
 ʒr peucac̃, þioñ, aþi lðñið̃ 'h ðiþ,  
 O baþar̃ ūþ ʒo cõm mo r̃cõþi.  
 O! mo laoc̃, ʒc.

ba cõrmiþ̃ ē le h-ʒonʒur̃ ðʒ,<sup>2</sup>  
 'S le l̃uʒaþ̃ ðneþc̃ Cēþ̃<sup>3</sup> na m̃bēiþioñ mõþ;

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒh mapiac̃ uaral uaiþneac̃ ðʒ  
 The horseman noble haughty youthful (young)  
 Cpiõðe ʒan ʒruaim ar̃ ruaiþice rñõð  
 Heart without surliness and most gentle visage

<sup>2</sup> ʒonʒur̃ ðʒ, I cannot find in Keating, or O'Flaherty's Ogyg. vol. 2. the only books of reference as yet in my possession; I would feel obliged to any of my readers who would furnish his history, as I will have to introduce his name hereafter.

<sup>3</sup> L̃uʒaðh mac Cēþ̃, was twelfth king of Ireland, A.M. 2764. His real name was L̃uʒað̃ L̃am̃-þ̃að̃a, but was called Cēþ̃, from his father C̃iþ̃, and succeeded Kuað̃, who fell in the second battle of ʒaʒ̃ C̃uþ̃, and reigned forty years. He instituted the Tailtean games, to be celebrated every year on Tailtean mountain in Meath, on the kalends of August, i.e. L̃uʒnar̃, or the commemoration of L̃uʒað̃, in honour to Tailtean, the daughter of prince ʒaʒ̃mõþ̃, and last queen of the Belgians, or F̃iþ̃ bolʒ̃; who, after the battle of ʒaʒ̃ C̃uþ̃, espoused Eoðað̃ ʒaþ̃ð̃, the son of Duach, a nobleman of the Danans, who educated L̃uʒað̃ until he arrived at the years of maturity. From buað̃ and Neaþ̃a, Lughadh's queens, Knockbua, and Neaþ̃a, (now Naas,) are called. He died at Caeñ Oþuþ̃m, now Uþneach, a mountain in Westmeath, A.M. 2804.



le Coñmaoi aṛṇ meic Dáirne' an óir,  
 Taoireac éirioṇ, treun aṛr éóir.  
 O! mo laoc, &c.

le Conall Ceárnach' do beáirnaḁ pórt,  
 le feargus ríuntaḁ ríon meic Róigh;<sup>6</sup>  
 le Coñcúbair cáṛḁ meic Meara' na nór,  
 Taoireac aóibhínn éirioibe an éoirl.  
 O! mo laoc, &c.

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

le Coñmaoi aṛṇ meic Dáirne an óir  
 To Curigh high son (of) Dary (of) the gold  
 Taoireac éirioṇ treun aṛr éóir  
 Chieftain (of) Eirinn valiant in pursuit  
 O! mo laoc, &c.  
 Alas! my hero, &c.

le Conall Ceárnach do beáirnaḁ pórt  
 With Conall Cearnach did breach port

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<sup>4</sup> Coñmaoi, or Curigh mac Dáirne, whose province extended from Bealaḁ Conglaṛ near Cork, and westward from Limerick to the western shore of Ireland. He was treacherously slain, through the intrigues of blaḁnaḁ, a lady of exquisite beauty, by Cú-cullaṛ; but, Fearceirce, Curigh's bard, followed blaḁnaḁ and Cúcullaṛ into Ulster, in hopes of being able to kill her in revenge of Curigh; and on his arrival found Conor, Cuchullain and Blahnaid, with their attendants, at the promontory of Cealḁ bearna, standing on the edge of a steep rock, ran towards her, and, clasping her in his arms, threw himself headlong with her down the precipice, and were dashed to pieces. VIDE KEATING'S IRELAND, VOL. I. P. 405, HALIDAY'S TRANSLATION, where the direful tale is fully related.

<sup>5</sup> Conall Ceárnach, was lord of a district in Ulster, and cousin-german of the children of Uirneach, in whose behalf he fought against Coñcúbair, king of Ulster, where he slew Jollan Fíon. The reader will find a full account of him in his Deaṛz Ruataṛ, an ancient historical tale, which is in the hands of many Irish Scholars.

Or Daire's son, the great Conroy,—  
 Brave Irish chiefs, my royal boy!  
 My hero brave, &c.

Or Conall, who strong ramparts won,  
 Or Fergus, regal Rogia's son,  
 Or Conor, Ullad's glorious king,  
 Whom harp-strings praise and poets sing —  
 My hero brave, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Le Feargus feargusac fion meic Róídh  
 To Feargus worthy fair son (of) Rogia  
 Le Conchúbar cáis meic Neasa na nór  
 To Conor noble son (of) Neasa the customs  
 Taoireac doibhín Chaoibhe an ceoil.  
 Chieftain gentle Branch the melodious.

O! mo laoc, 7c.  
 Alas! my hero, &c.

<sup>6</sup> Feargus mac Róídh, king of Ulster, A.M. 3934. He was surnamed Róídh, from his mother Rogia, daughter of Eócadh Áineadh, then monarch of Ireland. Being dethroned and expelled Ulster, he took refuge in Connaught under Oíllolla and Meibbe, where their royal residence at that time stood. He was a person of consummate courage, and had exerted himself often with applause in single combat and in the field of battle, and brought away many rich spoils from Ulster; and ravaged and sacked that country, and overran the province with fire and sword. He afterwards met an untimely death at the hands of Oílloll, through a fit of jealousy, in consequence of Meibbe taking a swimming excursion with him.  
 —KEATING.

<sup>7</sup> Conchúbar mac Neasa, surnamed Neasa, from his mother Neasa, the daughter of Eócadh Sílbníbe, son to Fáctha, king of Ulster and Ireland, after the deposition of Feargus mac Róídh, ruled the sceptre of Ulster, A.M. 3937, sixty years, and died a natural death in the forty-eighth year of Christ.—O'FLAHERTY'S OGYG. PART 3, c. XLVIII. p. 163.

Seĩnteari rǵáirt ari cláiriricc ceoil,  
 'S glaoðtarí cáĩnte cáirt ari bórb ;  
 Ljontari ruar ǵac cuac do'n beoir,<sup>s</sup>  
 Sláinte uaim don buacáill beó !

O ! mo laoc, mo ǵile, m'feair,  
 O ! mo ǵaobal, mo ǵile, m'feair ;  
 Mo cnuadotan fém ! mo luairte lein !  
 Mar cuaró a ǵcém mo ǵile, m'feair !

~~~~~

FREUǴRUÓ UIR UIM WHUOI UIBUIM-  
 UICC.

Seáǵan Cláirach, ró can.

U Rjogam uarail ruairic 'r a rǵóir,  
 Do caoi 'r do buairic 'r cnuad, 'r ar bǵón ;  
 Ǵnóim ǵo cnuaró cum Uan na ǵ-cóimact,  
 Fá cǵeacó ari cuairb do 'd buacáill beó.

— — —

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Seĩnteari rǵáirt ari cláiriricc ceoil  
 Strike up (a) burst on harp melodious  
 Ǵur ǵlaodtarí cáĩnte cáirt ari bórb  
 And let call many quarts on board (table)  
 Ljontari ruar ǵac cuac do an beoir  
 Let fill up each goblet of the beer  
 Sláinte uaim do'n buacáill beó.  
 Health from me to the boy (youth) lively

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<sup>s</sup> Beoir. This word, which is rendered "beer," in the interlinear translation, is used by our native poets to express any highly delicious liquor, in the same manner as the writers of Greece and Rome used the term, nectar. The *Beoir* was made from mountain heath ; and the sole secret of preparing the delicious beverage, known only to the Danes, who, tradition asserts, divided the heathy tracts between them, for that purpose, in preference to the arable lands. Tradition further has it, that sooner than disclose the secret of its manufacture, the two last surviving Danes, father and son, suffered death at the hands of the native Irish.



Wake, wake, the wild-harp's wildest sound,  
 Send sparkling flagons flowing round—  
 Fill high the wine-cups' tide of joy,—  
 This health to thee, my royal boy!

My hero brave, *ma ghile, m'fhear*,  
 My kindred love, *ma ghile, m'fhear*;  
 What wringing woes my bosom knows,  
 Since cross'd the seas *ma ghile, m'fhear*!



## REPLY TO THE LADY OF ALBANY'S LAMENT.

O royal maid, my bosom's gold!  
 None can unmoved thy griefs behold—  
 And O! may heaven's supreme decree  
 Restore the youth to love and thee!



### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ó! mo laóc mo z̃ile mo fear  
 Alas! my hero my bright my spouse  
 Ó! mo z̃aod̃al mo z̃ile mo fear  
 Alas! my kin my bright my spouse  
 M̃o c̃ruaδ̃cañ f̃éñ! mo luaj̃t̃ne léñ!  
 My affliction self! my dust (eternal) doom (woe)  
 M̃aṛ c̃uaṛδ̃ a z̃c̃éñ mo z̃ile mo fear.  
 As went far away my bright my spouse.



A R̃ioz̃aṛñ uar̃aṛl̃ f̃uaṛnc̃ aṛur̃ a r̃c̃óṛ  
 O Queen noble gentle and my dear  
 Oo c̃aoṛ aṛur̃ do buaj̃nc̃ aṛ c̃ruaδ̃ aṛur̃ aṛ b̃r̃óñ  
 Thy lament and thy affliction is disastrous and is mournful  
 Z̃uṛδ̃im̃ zo c̃ruaṛδ̃ c̃um uaḥ na z̃-c̃óm̃ãc̃t̃  
 I pray fervently to (the) lamb (of) the powers  
 Fa c̃z̃geãc̃b̃ aṛñ c̃uaṛnc̃ do aḍ buãc̃aṛll̃ beo  
 For to come on (a) visit to thy youth alive

Do ðeojn an aon-mhic tlocfadh éar aip,  
 Do tpeodmac, tpeunmar, tultce do neart;  
 Do rluaiḡeac, reunmar, fuadpac, faob-  
 mac,

Do cuantais éilge, 'r Inir AIRT.

Le roiceam na ruaḡa do ḡluaiḡead an leḡan,  
 'S a trímúḡa h-uair reab buairde a ngleb;  
 beib rḡaoile 'r ruaḡad uair do deo,

Aip bñidh an uabair ar tuair LUIRC fōr?

M'í dḡ-ḡear réim do'n ḡvirean cearc,

D'-ḡvīl eḡḡan 'r éibir oile, 'r Aip;

Mac ḡluaiḡib fēin ḡan fuairad a ḡcēm,

Fā tuairim é do cñi 'na cearc.

beib an raḡal ruaimneac, rjodac, rḡḡac,  
 ḡan plēib, ḡan buairc, ḡan bñiḡean, ḡan  
 bñib?

beib an rpēir ḡan duairtan rñm aip neojn,  
 ḡan fmaoc, ḡan fmac, ḡan tēimjol, ḡan cēo?

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do ðeojn an aon-mhic tlocfadh éar aip  
 By (the) will (of) the only son he will return

Do tpeodmac tpeunmar tultce do neart  
 Actively powerful full of strength

Do rluaiḡeac reunmar fuadpac faobpac  
 With legions propitious diligent fierce

Do cuantais éilge aip Inir Aip.  
 To (the) havens (of) Failge and Isle (of) Art.

Le roiceam na ruaḡa do ḡluaiḡead an leḡan  
 With comeliness the learned will proceed the lion (hero)

Aip an trímúḡa h-uair reab buairde a ngleb  
 And the third hour (time) will conquer in battle

beib rḡaoile aip ruaḡad uair do deo  
 Will be separation and banishment from us for ever

Aip bñidh an uabair ar tuair Luirc fōr  
 On tribe (of) the pride from territory (of) Luirc yet

From realms afar I see him come,  
 With might to right his injured home,  
 To hush thy wail, to cheer the Gael,  
 And sweep the foe o'er ocean's foam.

Unfoil'd in skill, unmatch'd in might,  
 He'll conquer thrice the foe in fight;  
 And tyrants proud who swore us slaves,  
 By Tnaith Luirc's shore, shall find their graves!  
     Each warrior brave, of ancient line,  
     Where Eogan, Airt, and Heber shine,  
     Would dare oppose a host of foes,  
     To gain his monarch's right divine.

Then gentle reason's tranquil reign  
 Would bless the earth with peace again;  
 And winter time and summer day  
 Would prove propitious like his sway.\*

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ní bfuil óig-éar réim do an fúineadh éar  
 Not is young man mild of the tribe just

Do fuil Eoghán agus Éibhir oile agus Art  
 Of blood Eoghan and Heber dreaded and Art

Nac gluaireod féin gan fuarad a gcéin  
 But will proceed self without cessation afar

Fa tuairim é do cuir iona éar.  
 In expectation him to place in his right.

Beid an rathal ruaimheac ríodac ríodac  
 Will be the world tranquil peaceable prosperous

Gan pléid gan buairt gan bnuigean gan bñon  
 Without spite without affliction without quarrelling without grief

Beid an rpéir gan duaircan ruim ari neoin  
 Will be the firmament without darkness much at noon

Gan fuaoc gan fuact gan teimhol gan céo  
 Without rage without cold without eclipse without mist

---

\* The old historians always observe that God blesses the reign of good princes by a succession of peaceful and abundant seasons. VIDE *CEAZARZ FLACA. CAGZ Mac Dairne, Mac Bruadeada, ríó can.*

Κορίνθι να Ρέγγ το δίλγαδ αν ceapτ,  
 δό deό το Séapιlay 'r λιη 'r oleacό;  
 Oapι Ouaic Jan bpiéig, ηί tpiuaό kpiom  
 kēin,  
 Jac tuacal tpeun do čni a pac?

beŕə ðlɪʒe na Rōma a n-ʒnā' aɾ ʒo mōŋ,  
 beŕə ɒaɔaɕt 'ɾ ɔpɒ ʒo bɾaɕ ʒan ɾmōl;  
 'S mɪn beaɔ Seorɾe tɫaɪɕ aɾɪ mōb,  
 ʒan ɾɪon, ʒan ɾeoɪl, ʒan ɾnāɪɕe bɾɔʒ?  
 beŕə ɾʒɔp aʒ clēɪɪ na cɾɪvɪnne 'ɾ ɾeaɕb,  
 'S nɪ leɔmaɾaɔ aon 'na ʒ-comne teaɕb;  
 beŕə ɒuaɾɾ ʒaɕ lae ɔā luɔɔ ɔo'n ēɪʒɾe,  
 ʒɪɕ, ɒuamɪ 'ɾ ɒɾeaɕt ɔo ɾeɪnɪɪɪ ɾeal.

## Un Ceangal.

Այժմ ասի Օյա, խորամյակ Կոնյան զօրացած,  
 Կա բախալից Եւ քիւր քիւր-երեսն ու զօր-  
 օքսն և զհասիլ ;  
 Եւ խաչոյն ար խաչ-խաչ քաջ ծառայե զօրացած,  
 'Տ ալիք ու զ-ճաշակ զ-խաչած ծառայե ուրիշ ?

**INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.**

Corōn na Rēgr do dliḡead an ceap  
Crown (of) the Kings did adjudge the law  
Do deo do Šearlur ir liḡ ar dleacōb  
For ever to Charles by us is due

ᏅᏳᎠ ᏅᏳᏳᎠ ᏵᏳᎠ ᏅᏳᏳᎠ ᎠᎵ ᏵᏳᏳᎠ ᏵᏳᏳᎠ ᏵᏳᏳᎠ  
By Jove without lie not pitied with (my) self

Ծա՛ւ տաճա՛ւ շքեւոյ ծո՛ւրի և լա՛ւ.  
Each clown strong to put in sack.

beþ bliþe na Róma a ngnadar 30 mōn  
Will be law of Rome in practice very great.

Ներս Եղեճճէ՛տ ԳԶՐ Փրձ Զօ Երա՛ւ Զոյ Իմօ՛ւ  
Will be divinity and order for ever without stain

Ar min beað Seoirre clajc aþn nōb  
And tame will be George timorous on (the) road

3an fjon 3an feo! 3an rna!te bpo3  
 Without wine without meat without thread (of) shoes

With royal crown for monarch meet  
 Shall Erin's sons great Charles greet;  
 Each sturdy clown, by Jove, shall drown;  
 We'll make a sack his winding sheet!

And Rome shall hold her ancient reign,  
 Her laws and lore shall aye remain,  
 And abject George return with shame,  
 The starveling boor that first he came!

The priest that hides by cave and fen,  
 Shall raise his honour'd head again—  
 And to the skies shall hymns arise  
 From harp, and choir, and minstrel-men!

*The Summing-up.*

May heaven, in mercy to its suppliant's call,  
 The gourmands quell who hold the Gael in thrall,  
 Crush, through the western isle, their ruffian sway,  
 And sweep afar the demon brood for aye!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

beis̃ r̃z̃õp̃ az̃ cl̃ẽir̃ nã crũĩñẽ az̃ur̃ neãc̃b̃  
 Will be scope to clergy the globe and power

az̃ur̃ ñj̃ leom̃ãfãb̃ aoñ ioñã z̃coĩñẽ teãc̃b̃  
 And not dare any against them come

beis̃ dũãir̃ z̃ãc̃ laẽ ð̃ã lũãb̃ ðõ añ ẽĩz̃rẽ  
 Will be prize each day adjudged to the sages

z̃c̃ dũãĩñ̃ az̃ur̃ ð̃nẽãc̃c̃ ðõ ĩẽĩñĩñ̃ ĩeal̃  
 But poetry and verse to sing awhile

añ Ceangal.

The Summing-up.

az̃ĩc̃cĩm̃ ãir̃ ð̃iã ĩãr̃nãĩm̃ az̃ur̃ z̃ũĩð̃ĩm̃ z̃õ crũãĩð̃  
 I beseech of God I ask and I pray very hard (fervently)

nã rãm̃ãĩcc̃ ðõ ð̃iãñ̃ ĩjãl̃-t̃rẽãb̃ nã ñz̃aoĩð̃ẽĩl̃  
 The gluttons that pained (the) generous tribe (of) the Gael

ã ñz̃uãĩr̃  
 in jeopardy

ðõ c̃ãĩt̃iõm̃ ãr̃ ĩãc̃-ĩãr̃t̃ãr̃ ĩã ð̃aoĩñ̃rẽ c̃rũãĩð̃  
 To cast from isle of the west under bondage hard

az̃ur̃ ãĩc̃mẽ nã ñð̃iãbãl̃ ñiãrãc̃ð̃ã ð̃ĩb̃ĩñ̃c̃ ũãĩñ̃.  
 And (the) sect (of) the devils foreign (to) banish from us.

## EOĠAN RUAD UA SÚILLIOBÁIN.

OWEN O'SULLIVAN, a Munster poet of the last century, surnamed the *Red*, from the colour of his hair, was a native of Slíab Luachra, a wild mountain district, situated east and north-east of the town of Killarney in the county of Kerry. He flourished in the latter part of the last century. The lot of EOĠAN RUAD, as he was commonly called, was cast upon evil days, and in an ungenial clime; for, had he belonged to any other country, or creed, or party, than that to which through a life, in other respects wild and irregular, he had invariably adhered, his rare natural endowments—his fervid poetic genius—his acquirements in the highest walks of classic literature, would have procured him notice, and patronage, and fame. The light of a patron's smile never cheered the obscurity of the village bard; but EOĠAN RUAD had his fame—his pastoral ballad of rural love, yet lives by the streams of the South, at the cottager's hearth, and in the milking bawn of the hamlet, and will live, till tenderness and feeling become aliens to the artless heart of the village maiden. His powerful satires, rife with scathing denunciation, and severe personal invective—his bold enmity to the Saxon—his longings for the restoration of the exiled Stuart—his love songs descriptive of his own irregular amours—these varied compositions, preserved in the native tongue, have cheered the hospitable fireside of the cottier in many a district of Cork, Kerry, and Limerick, where his memory survives, his poems are recited, and the brilliant effusions of his happy wit, shine familiar as household words.

There are, doubtless, many of my readers who now hear of EOĠAN RUAD UA SÚILLIOBÁIN for the first time. To them, perhaps, it will be necessary to say, that EOĠAN RUAD was to Ireland what Robert Burns, at a somewhat later day, was to Scotland, the glory and the shame of his native land. I know no two characters in my range of observation, that so closely resemble each other as Burns and EOĠAN RUAD—the same poetical temperament—the same desire of notoriety—the same ardent sighings for woman's love—the same embracing friendship for the human family—and the same fatal yearnings after "cheerful tankards foaming," alike distinguished the heaven-taught minstrels. Like Burns, EOĠAN RUAD first tuned his reed to the charms of nature, and the joys of woman's love—like Burns, the irregularity of his life obliged the clergymen of his persuasion to denounce him; and, like him,

he lashed the priestly order without ruth or remorse\*—like Burns, he tried the pathetic, the sublime, the humorous—and, like him succeeded in all. Nor does the parallel end here; they were both born in an humble cottage; both toiled through life at the spade and plough; and both fell, in the bloom of manhood, in the pride of intellect, the victims of uncontrolled passion.

Owen Roe O'Sullivan, like hundreds of his countrymen, followed the occupation of an itinerant potato-digger, and made periodical excursions into the counties of Limerick and Tipperary, in pursuit of this servile occupation. On one of these occasions, happening to receive employment at the house of a farmer in the neighbourhood of Charleville, he was brought into notice by his explanation of a sentence in some Greek author, which had caused much dispute between his employer's son, fresh from a French college, and the old priest of the parish. Owen remained here for some time as a teacher of Greek and Latin, and received high applause in that capacity, till his evil destiny drove him in the way of Mary Casey, a village beauty. The enamoured poet lost all relish for the teaching of dead languages in contemplation of the living charms of his mistress. The school was given up, and Owen's licentiousness denounced from the altar. But Mary lives immortal in the well-known English song (though that tongue was the least of his acquirements,) called "Molly Casey's charms."

It is recorded that Եօջան Ռսած committed his first sin of rhyme, while a bare-shinned stripling, at the school of one of these hunted men, whom the severity of the penal code drove for shelter to the fastnesses of Kerry, to teach Greek to cow-boys. Owen was *mitching* all day, and, as he entered the hedge-seminary long after the prescribed time, the master was about to proceed with the process of "*hoisting*" Owen, when the truant begged and obtained one hour to render an account of the peccadilloes of the day,—it was then that the embryo poet produced a lyric in a fanciful dialogue between two married ladies, in which each is made to detail, with much dramatic effect, the failings of her spouse, and the various evils to which matrimony links the wife, who would fain move with her yoke-fellow in freer harness.

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\* Upon one occasion, Owen Roe's conduct had supplied the pastor of a rural congregation with materials for a lengthened invective against viciousness in general, and the unfortunate rhymers' frailties in particular. At the close of his pious discourse, the worthy priest enquired in the native tongue if Եօջան Ռսած were present.—Առալմ, replied the irritable son of genius, goaded by the clergyman's *exposè*, to all forgetfulness of the occasion and the time, Առա Եօջան Ռսած ահրա, ճշար յար քեյրիծ շորս ան ծաւածօրն ? "Yes, Owen, *the Red*, is here, and may you never behold his dyer!"

Owen Roe taught school at Annagh near Charleville; while engaged there he wrote satirical songs in ridicule of the Irish volunteers, and lashed, with fearful severity, some village rhymers who attempted to break a lance with him. He died of a relapse of fever at Knocknagree, in his native district, and was buried at Nohoval. I have no means at present of ascertaining the period of his death, but I believe it was about the year 1784.

It was at Annagh, probably, that Owen Roe wrote the following beautiful lines addressed to the parish priest, requesting his Reverence to announce from the altar the poet's intention of opening school in the neighbouring townland. The Irish reader will perceive that in these stanzas the translator has not allowed the spirit of the poet to evaporate.

Ա Տաշալրե ծլ ձայն, դա երաժարի Ուէլ 'ր Ալրե,  
Եւ ձարմար շ-բան ծոյն ծայն, 'ր էլշր', և Յ-ճարե;  
Ա Յ-ճաճա բոյն դանայն, և մ-բարդած ծառայլ դա Ե-քըք,  
Ալըրլր ծո ձաճ Յո Ե-ճարն ծե 'դա մարշ.

Chum տաշալրշ յաճ շայն, և դայն ընդ ին դա բար,  
Էւ լայն ծո Ե' արա, դա Ե-ճարայն յառձայլ ըլալ;  
Տաղ ճարարած դանած բո, Ե' արձայն ընդ 'ր մարծ,  
Ա Ե-բարդած Ֆայլ, 'դա Ե-ճարած յառձայլ ձար լար.

Տշարե դա Ե-բարած ձալմա, ընծա, ձայն,  
'Տ լառած դա Ե-բարա Եւ բարձաճ և Ե-ճարայն յառձայլ;  
Ա մ-բարա յաղ արլոց Եւ ճալայն Է ընդրարե ըլշե,  
Ծո ձար բարած ձալմա տաշալրշ Յո Յարե դա Ծորած բլի?

Ա Տաշալրե յաղ մարշ 'ր ճարա ձառն-մարդեճ,  
Տար ճարձա ճար մարձար և մար յաճ լաղ լայնարա;  
Ալըրլր մո ձայլ, Ե' ճար ար բրլոն ըլըր Էւ,  
Յո Ե-ճարարձար ձաղ յաճ Երար դա Յ-քն-ճարն?

Pure learned priest! akin to Neill and Art,  
Whose power protective cheer'd the poet's heart,  
The first in danger's van—(so bards have sung them),  
Pray tell thy flock a teacher's come among them.

Well-skill'd in ancient Greek and Roman lore,  
Fame-laden lays since Erin's days of yore,  
And eke the foeman's tongue, upborne by Law,  
Whose phrase uncouth distorts the Gaelic jaw.



Upborne by Law which exiles heroes tall,  
Which dooms, by traitors' steel, the chieftain's fall,  
Dooms Erin's brave no refuge save their God;  
And me to wield the village pedant's rod!

Mild man of God, and fair religion's glory,  
Deep read in holy tomes and tuneful story,  
With thy sweet tongue consign to village fame  
What learned lore enwreaths thy poet's name!

I have two copies of the following song before me; one from Mr. Michael O'Sullivan's manuscript, and the other from a manuscript collection made by John O'Donnell, a wandering scribe, of my acquaintance, for a Mr. Michael Cronin, of Gnivgilleh, a townland of the county Kerry, lying westward of Millstreet, and kindly lent by him for the purpose of transcribing any songs not already in my own collection. Wherever these two copies differ, I have retained the words which I thought better, and appeared closer to the original; and for this purpose, I would be glad to have many versions of a song before me when preparing it for publication, as the songs of our bards, in many instances, have undergone various alterations from the dilapidation sustained by manuscripts from damp and other causes, particularly their falling into the hands of unskilful writers, who adopt what words or readings they please, or which chime best to their ears, though at the same time, differing essentially from the original, as well as from the spirit of the poet.

Such of my readers as have copies of the following old Songs, would confer a favor by forwarding them for publication.

Ṣṛaṣṇe Maol, Air—*Bubberro dedderro.*

Seagán buíde.

An Ṣabáin zeal baṅ.

An Chraoibín aoibín.

Seañ-bean Chriṣon an Ṣraṇcaṣn.

An Spailpín Faṣṇac.

An Ṣabáin Dub-

Maṛbcaoiṇe PaḍraṣṢ Saṣṣeul.

An Smaoibín cṛón.

J. DALY

Kilkenny, April, 1844.

# DOIOCTHJTRJUĞXO ƒU11.

Eoƒan Ruao ua Sũlllobám, ƒó çan.

ƒonn—"Stáca an ƒarƒao"

Uƒ ƒaƒƒobol na bláƒƒne, lá 'r me aƒ maçtnam,  
 Uƒ ƒaƒ na b-ƒeaƒaçon, ƒáslteaç, ƒaƒƒƒing;  
 Do ƒóƒ ƒƒeoƒ, ba çalma n-ƒleo!  
 ƒar neaƒaƒ an ƒ-ál ƒo çáƒƒo o Shaƒƒana,  
 U ƒƒáƒ 'r a b-ƒeaƒaƒaƒƒ ƒáslbe, 'r U meƒ-  
 ƒm;

Eoƒan ƒóƒ, 'r çamƒƒe 'n ƒ-ƒlóg!  
 Ma ƒlaça ba ƒháçac çáƒçac, ƒƒeaƒaƒaƒ,  
 Çá ƒ-çapƒa, ƒá ƒ-çáƒna, 'r ƒá ƒ-çáslbe aƒ  
 ƒanaƒƒƒ;  
 Uƒ çáƒ ƒoç ƒ'aƒbƒ, ƒaƒ ƒƒáƒ, 'r eaƒƒaƒe,  
 ƒƒáƒƒaƒ çeaƒƒaƒ, ƒáƒaƒ ƒallaƒƒe,  
 Uƒ çƒón çóƒ, çuƒ maƒla ðon ðƒo!

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Uƒ ƒaƒƒobol na bláƒƒne      la aƒƒ me aƒ maçtnam  
 Wandering by Blarney (one) day and I in deliberation  
 Uƒ ƒaƒ na b-ƒeaƒaçon ƒáslteaç ƒaƒƒƒing  
 On destruction of the heroes generous open-hearted

<sup>1</sup> Çáƒc mac ƒƒeoƒ, the celebrated hero who pursued Níam-ƒuað-Çƒoçac into Ireland, and gave battle to ƒƒoƒ mac Cúƒaƒl, and the Irish heroes, under whose protection Níam placed herself. In this engagement Çáƒc slew the most renowned of the *Fenians*, but was afterwards slain by Oƒƒuƒ in single combat, after five days' and five nights' severe fight, as may be seen by the following stanza:—

ƒeað çúƒ n-oƒðce, ƒeað çúƒ la,  
 ðƒ an ðƒƒ ƒaƒ çláƒ aƒ ƒleoç,  
 Uƒ ðƒ bƒð, 'r aƒ beaƒƒan ƒuaƒn,  
 ƒuƒ çuƒ Çáƒc le buaƒð mo meƒc.

For five long days and tedious nights,  
 Both heroes contest dire maintain'd,—  
 Their weary limbs not eas'd by rest,  
 Or fainting frames by food sustain'd.

*Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Dub. 1808.*

## EXPULSION OF THE SAXON.

*Air—"Staca an Varaga."*

By Blarney's towers I paus'd to ponder,  
 What deep dark curse our land lies under,  
     Chain'd 'neath the foreigner foe—  
 The homeless horde whose guileful knavery  
 Coil'd the festering links of slavery  
     Round hearts where pure pulses flow  
 From sires, whose sons are crouching slaves,  
 Or wanderers wild, or outlaws gory—  
 Mail-clad sires whose green flag waves  
 O'er blood-red fields of ancient story,  
     Where prone groan their offspring of woe!

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## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do póir *Treoin* ba cáilma ngleó  
 Of the tribe (of) *Treoin* (who) was valiant (in) battle  
*Maí* neadaíḡ an cáil ro cáilíḡ o *Saḡḡana*  
 As nestled the brood this came from Saxony  
*A* rtaíḡ aḡur a bfeanantaíḡ *Faílbe* aḡur *Amergín*  
 In states and in inheritances (of) *Faílbe* and *Amergin*  
*Eoḡḡaín* *Móir* aḡur *Cailbhe* an t-rlóḡ  
*Eoghan Mor* and *Cairbre* of the hosts  
*Na* flata ba ḡnatac tairtaḡ tpearaíḡ  
 The nobles constantly girded (for) battle  
*Da* ḡcanta da ḡcanna aḡur da ḡcáible aḡ fanaíḡ  
 Pitch-forked preyed upon and fettered by fanatics  
*An* tain noḡ. do aibíḡ faoi ḡnaín aḡur earḡuine  
 The plunderers that matured under hatred and anathemas  
*ḡnaíḡaíḡ* cealḡaíḡ *Maí*taín malláíḡte  
 Mobs treacherous *Martin* accursed  
*An* éróḡ éóip cúḡ maíḡa do an ord.  
 The swarthy tribe gave disgrace to the order (creed.)

Do caitiorað ppár go cārmaŋ, caitioṭač,  
 ʒan aŋuð, ʒan aŋtear, go cŋáðŋte, ceapnaŋŋ-  
 teac;

Fá bŋðŋ mðr, aŋ ƣearað mo ðeðr!  
 ʒur ðearpcara lām hŋm bān-čneŋ, bānaŋuŋl,  
 ʒānlað, māŋreanūŋl, ʒŋāðmaŋ, ʒeanaŋaŋl;

Rð mððamaŋl, ba čaiŋŋŋŋmač clðð!  
 ba čabapƣač, cāblač, ƣānŋŋeac, ƣaða-čŋuð,  
 ʒŋ ƣeacað 'r a ƣār go ƣāŋl, aŋ baŋlle-čŋŋč;  
 ʒ blāŋč-ƣŋŋŋ bačalač, ƣŋāŋŋeac, cŋaŋp-ƣŋŋa,  
 Čāclač, ƣnaŋaðčac, bāŋ-čar, ðaŋte, lēŋ;  
 ʒaŋ clð 'ŋ ðŋ, ʒan ƣŋamal, ʒan čeð!

Do bŋð ðealpað na m-blāŋč le ƣŋāŋl ba ðearŋŋ,  
 ʒan člār 'na leacaŋ, ba bŋeāŋčað laŋa;  
 'S a mðŋ-ðeol ʒan māŋað, ʒan mðŋð!  
 'S a mala ʒan čām aŋ a ƣām-ðearpc, aŋŋŋŋ,  
 O'ƣāŋ čāmāč le ðearpcāŋ, na čāŋŋte ƣeabac;  
 ʒo mð-mðr, ðo ʒŋeanaŋŋ a clðð!

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do caitiorað ppár go cārmaŋ caitioṭač  
 I spent space in difficulty fretful

ʒan aŋuð ʒan aŋtear go cŋáðŋte ceapnaŋŋteac  
 Without happiness without joy tormented afflicted

Fa bŋðŋ mðr aŋ ƣearað mo ðeðr  
 Under sorrow great shedding my tears

ʒur ðearpcara lām hŋm bān-čneŋ bānaŋuŋl  
 Till I beheld nigh me bright-skin modest

ʒānlað māŋreanūŋl ʒŋāðmaŋ ʒeanaŋuŋl  
 Comely elegant lovely amiable

Rð mððamaŋl ba čaiŋŋŋŋmač clðð  
 Very modest most acceptable features

ba čabapƣač cāblač ƣānŋŋeac ƣaða čŋuð  
 United (in) wreaths ringlets long thick (heavy)

ʒŋ ƣeacað aŋur aŋ ƣār go ƣāŋl aŋ baŋlle-čŋŋč  
 Turning and growing to heel trembling

ʒ blāŋč-ƣŋŋŋ bačalač ƣŋāŋŋeac cŋaŋp-ƣŋŋač  
 Her blooming locks curling splitting spreading-fair

Lonely and long that hour of weeping,  
 Hopeless, joyless, tearful—steeping  
     In salt streams mine eyelids of care—  
 While thoughts came dark and dismal o'er me,  
 A form of beauty stood before me,  
     White bosom'd, heavenly fair !  
 Her thick, luxuriant ringlets fell,  
 Or stream'd, the soft-wing'd zephyr gracing,  
 Or cluster'd o'er her paps' round swell,  
 Like sun-wreaths hills of snow enchasing,  
     Light, bright, and beautiful there !

Lily and rose, with rival power,  
 To grace her cheek, bestow'd their dower,  
     Her vermiel, vowless lip to behold,  
 And pale, pure brow, and ripe eyes' splendor,  
 Did love-lorn heroes hopeless render,  
     Slaves chained by tresses of gold—

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Tacłac ɾnamaďtac ban-čar daɾte ľaɾ  
 Woves knotted top-twisted tinted (by) her  
 Aɾn cľo an oɾn ʒan ɾʒamal ʒan čeo.  
 Of tinge of gold without cloud without mist.

Do b̌ǰð ďelɾaď na mblaɾt le ɾʒaɾl ba deaɾʒ  
 There was refulgence (of) the flowers with hue like crimson  
 ʒan cľar ɾona leacaɾn ba b̌neažčaď laɾa  
 Without weakness in her cheek most alluring light  
 Aɾur a ɾoɾ-beɔl ʒan m̌aʒaď ʒan moɾb̌  
 And her rosy lips without mockery without vow (guile)  
 Aɾur a mala ʒan čaɾm aɾn a ɾaɾn-deaɾc aɾb̌ɾǯ  
 And her brow without stain on her pleasant eye full grown  
 Do ɾaʒ caɾnač le deaɾɾaɾb̌ na čaɾɾte ɾeaɔač  
 That left motionless with darts the hosts (of) heroes  
 ʒo ɾo-m̌oɾn do ʒneaňaɾǯ a cľoð  
 That too high did admire her shape

Man eala ari an t  
 geala-éire,  
 'S a mama deaí áir  
 coirp;  
 bán-éireib leabaíre,  
 báid 'r barcanaid, c.  
 'S gleo tneoin

ba garba, ba cáid,  
 go ppar a b-ppatair  
 'S ba ruagac,  
 O batair go tráig, i  
 le cáigal 'na peairc  
 éir ceo ari  
 Do beanaid go cláir:  
 Sañ teangaid do b'air  
 le grád don aitear  
 fíor cáir a h-airtíir  
 San móir-fíolá

# INTERLINEA

Man eala ari an deaí  
 Like a Swan on the beach  
 Aíur a mama deaí air  
 And her breasts neat high  
 bán-éireib leabaíre do fí  
 Fair fingers slender that  
 báid aíur barcanaid cáig  
 Boats and barks dais  
 Aíur gleo tne  
 And battles (of) T

ba garba ba cáid ba fáir  
 Skilful chaste pleasant  
 go ppar a b-ppatuir  
 Lively in the language o  
 Aíur ba ruagac róig  
 And mild che

She's fair as swan by broad, blue lake,  
 Like snow-hills rise her bosom's heaving;  
 Her hand can heavenly music wake,  
 Or draw bright scenes in silken weaving,  
     Of sea, shore, or battle-field old.

Modest and mild, her words when spoken,  
 Seem ancient strains that bards have woken,  
     Strains that grace her soft liquid lips;—  
 Faultless and fair, in beauty shining,  
 Her magic power left maidens pining,  
     Griev'd deep at their beauty's eclipse!  
 Low-bending towards the form of light,  
 In Gaelic old, she lov'd the dearest,  
 I said, "Fair spirit, whence thy flight,  
 From friends that love to foes thou fearest,  
     Aidless far from soldiers or ships?"

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Օ ԲԱՇԱՐ ՅՕ ԵՐՈՅՑ ԴՅ ԵՐՎԻԼ ԵԱՅՄ ԵՈՆԱ ԱՅԻՄ  
 From head to foot not fault or blemish  
 Ե ԲԱՅԱԼ ԵՈՆԱ ԲԵԱՐԲԱՅՈՒՇԻՄ Ե ԱՅՅՈՒ ՅՆԵԱՆԵԱԾ  
 To be found in her person fair handsome neat (sparkling)  
 ԵՐՅՈՒ ԵԵԾ ԱՅՅ ԵԼԾԾ ԴԱ ՄԱՐԶԱԼԱԾ ԾՅ  
 Sent mist on the shape of the damsels young  
 ԾՕ ԵԱՆԱԵԾ ՅՕ ԵԼԱՅԵ-ԵԱՅՐ ՅԱՅՆԵԱԾ ՅԵԱՆԱՅԱԼ  
 Did salute timorous soft smilingly gracefully  
 ՏԱՆ ԵԱՆԶԱԾ ԾՕ ԵԱ ԱՅՐԱԾ Ե ՅՕԼԱՅԱԵԾ ԵԱՆԱԵԾ  
 In the tongue most ancient on the face of Banba  
 Ե ՅՆԱԾ ԾՈՆ ԱՅԵԱՐԵ ԵՅՆ ԼԱՅՆԵԱԾ ԲՆԵԱԵԱՅՄ  
 For love to advice that presently I start  
 ԲԻՐ ԲԱՅԵ Ե ԵԱՅՐԵՅՈՒ ԾՈՆ ԵԱՆ-ԵՆԵՅՐ ԱՅԵՄ  
 Knowledge reason her journey of the white skin I ask  
 ՅԱՆ ՄԾՈՒ-ԲԼՈՅՑ ԱՅՅ ԵԱԾԱԵԾ ԵՈՆԱ ԵԾՐ  
 Without immense hosts on steeds in her corps

Mar mearajm a báb, 'r a bláit na m-barfíon,  
'S áilne peapra, 'rar breáíctad rearam-  
cínit;

Clód 'gur ríod dá b-peacara fór !

Gur tu'n margalac mánlad, gáimdeac, geala-  
chéir,

Tug a m-barcaib meic Dáine rpar ó Albain;

Cóir leógan 'r galartá gleo ?

Mó'n m-éir tug ár na d-táinte a n-Éamhán,

Mo'n bhríngíoll 'na deoig éarí rál' do  
éarman;

Tac áirad gairge gan clár noc d'áimhí,

Priam ra cáta, ba dána a d-treapraib ;

Mo'n óg feoid bíó ag úicill na ríod ?

D'fneagair rí, ag rád, bíó lán do meanamhad,

'Táimye ag tabairt mo láim, marí cáca óit ;

Faol 'n b-fóghair, go n-amaircann gleo ?

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Mar mearajm a bab agur a bláit na mbarfíon  
As I presume babe and bloom of fair-headed

Ar áilne peapra agur ar breáíctad rearam-cínit  
Most fair person and most alluring standing feature (figure)

Clód agur ríod dá b-peacara fór  
Shape and countenance that I have seen yet

Gur tu an margalac mánlad gáimdeac geala-chéir  
That thou (art) the damsel smooth joyful bright-skinned

Tug a mbarcaib meic Dáine rpar ó Albain  
Brought in barks (of) Sons (of) Dary of a time from Albany

Cóir leógan agur galartá gleo  
Corps (of) heroes and weapons (for) war

Nó an áiríur tug ár na d-táinte a n-Éamhán  
Or the damsel brought destruction the hosts in *Emania*

No an bhríngíoll na deoig éarí rál' do éarman  
Or the maiden after her across ocean did pull



"O! be thy lowly slave forgiven,  
 Who hails thine eye as light from heaven,  
     And thou now a fay in disguise!  
 The maid mayhap whose charm ensnaring,  
 Led Dairy's Son to warlike Erin,  
     His North Star the light of thine eyes—  
 Or ruin'd Emania's hero host,  
 Or led brave Greece o'er ocean's water,  
 In tall barks towards the Daſdan coast,  
 To give proud Troy to flames and slaughter—  
     Dear pledge for Paris's prize."

"Arise," she cries, "let joy possess thee—  
 Ere harvest's golden glories bless thee,  
     Thine ear hears the battle-cry loud—  
 Go tell the bards who pine in sadness,  
 To teach their harp-string songs of gladness,  
     And raise strains of victory proud!"

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ծա՛ծ արա՛ծ չալի՛ցե չա՛ն շլա՛ր ո՞ւր Եւ Գլխի՛ն  
 Each hero valour without weakness whom did calculate

Քրիստոս րա զա՛ւա Եւ ծա՛նա Եւ Երեւոյն  
 Priam his armies fierce in battles

Ո՞ւր Եւ զ՛ թոյն Եւ զ՛ Գլխի՛ն Եւ զ՛ լո՛ւ  
 Or the young gem was with Achilles the hosts.

Եւ թեա՛լ Եւ զ՛ թոյն Եւ լա՛ն Եւ թեա՛լ  
 Did reply she saying be full of merriment

Ասա՛մք Եւ զա՛ւա Եւ լա՛ն Եւ ծա՛ն Եւ  
 I am giving my hand as surety to you

Բա՛ւ Եւ Երեւոյն Եւ թեա՛լ Եւ լա՛ն  
 Before the harvest you will behold slaughter

Ասա՛մք Եւ լա՛ն Եւ լա՛ն Եւ լա՛ն Եւ լա՛ն  
 And relate you to (the) bards (of) Fail the admonition

Եւ լա՛ն Եւ լա՛ն Եւ լա՛ն Եւ լա՛ն Եւ լա՛ն  
 Without weakness I relate with affection and delight

'S aic̃nyr rī d'f̃aigib̃ f̃aīl, an t-aic̃earc,  
 ʒan cl̃ār do c̃anaīm, le p̃āīit 'r t̃aīēnjoīm;  
 Do'n õz leōʒan, do f̃ealb̃aīō m'ōʒac̃o?  
 ʒīī talam̃, 'r aīī f̃aīl' t̃ā'n b̃āīīe car̃ba līñ,  
 M̃j'l f̃earam̃, ñā c̃ār, le f̃āʒaīl aʒ ʒallaṛñc;  
 'S ñj f̃āʒf̃arī aīīīm d̃ā n-āl, a m-b̃īeataīī,  
 ʒīī d-teac̃t a b̃aīle do'n b̃ān-f̃laīē f̃eo aʒ  
 t̃aīīr̃b̃jōl

le f̃eōl cōīī, ʒo f̃earant̃ar eōʒaīī?  
 D̃ā c̃ab̃aīīī at̃ā na Sp̃aīīīʒ c̃almaō,  
 ʒīī māʒa, 'r aīī mač̃aīīe, d'f̃āʒ f̃aoī  
 t̃aīīc̃ñīīe;  
 ʒīī f̃eōc̃ cōīī na Saʒran ʒan t̃īeōīī!  
 'S c̃aīēīīīleada 'n cl̃āīī, do f̃ār na f̃eana-  
 r̃toc,

D'f̃ār a m-b̃anab̃aō, āīīr̃aō, t̃īeaf̃arīīīīl,  
 ʒīī f̃līor leōʒan, 'r t̃aca le tōīī.  
 M̃j leīʒf̃īō aīī l̃ār ʒo b̃īāīē a n-aīīmaīīb̃,  
 ʒo n-ʒlañaīō f̃aoīī-t-h̃āll õ āōal na n-daīīaīīīb̃;  
 ʒan t̃īāc̃t aīī c̃ār̃aō, ñā f̃āʒaīl aīī aīīīoc,  
 ʒīī t̃āīī ñā b-f̃earant̃aīī, ʒo ʒāīīīdeac̃ c̃anaīīō,  
 le mōīī-r̃ʒōīī, c̃eāō amen le h-eōʒan?

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do an õz leōʒan do f̃ealb̃aīō mo õʒac̃o  
 To the youthful hero (who) did possess (enjoy) my virginity  
 ʒīī talam̃ aʒṽr aīī f̃aīle t̃ā an b̃āīīe car̃ba līñ  
 By land and by sea is the goal turned with us  
 Ñj b̃f̃wl f̃earam̃ na c̃ār le f̃āʒaīl aʒ ʒallaṛñc  
 Not stand (footing) or pity extended to foreigners  
 ʒṽr ñj f̃āʒf̃arī aīīīm d̃ā ñal a m̃b̃īeataīī  
 And not left name of (their) brood in Britain  
 ʒīī dteac̃t a b̃aīle do an b̃ān-f̃laīē f̃eo aʒ t̃aīīr̃b̃jōl  
 On arriving home to the fair hero who is approaching  
 le f̃eōl cōīī ʒo f̃earant̃ar eōʒaīī  
 With sail (gale) fair to the inheritance of Eoghan  
 D̃ā c̃ab̃aīīī at̃ā na Sp̃aīīīʒ c̃almaō  
 Assisting him are the Spaniards hardy

Each chief shall wave a conqueror's blade,  
 When war's fierce lash shall scourge the stranger ;  
 From Britain's isle his name shall fade,  
 When comes old Erin's brave avenger,  
 To weave the foe a wide, bloody shroud—

“ When Spain sends bravest heroes hither,  
 Oppression's arm shall waste and wither,  
 By sea, by shore—the despot's reward—  
 And slavery's chain shall rive asunder,  
 When Erin's brave, 'mid war's wild thunder,  
 In gore bathe the green battle-sward—  
 No thought of ruth, nor word of peace  
 By heart be felt—by tongue be spoken,  
 'Till quenched in blood, his light shall cease,  
 And Saxon power lie crushed and broken”—  
 Shout loud Amen to the bard !

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այլ մաձա աջրք այլ մաճայիւ ծօ քաջ քօյ շարճայիւ  
 On field and on plain did leave under contumely

Այլ քեճ շօք նա Տաճրոյ չառ շրջայ  
 To wither tribe the Saxon without strength

Այս արիւնքաճառ առ Շարք ծօ քաջ նա քառարտօ  
 And the soldiers of *Clar* of race of the ancient stock

Ծօ քաջ ա մանաբաճ արիւնք շրջարիւնք  
 That sprang in *Banba* ancient warlike

Առ քիօր քեճոյ աջրք տաճա քա շօք  
 The princely hero and support with pursuers

Ոյ քիօրք արիւնք չօ քառարտօ ա քառարտօ  
 Not will lay down for ever their arms

Չօ քառարտօ քառարտօ օ աճառ նա քառարտօ  
 'Till they sweep white-hall from brood the demons

Չառ քառարտօ այլ քառարտօ նա քառարտօ այլ քառարտօ  
 Without thought of returning or chance of restitution

Ա քառարտօ նա քառարտօ չօ չօքնաճ քառարտօ  
 Their estates or inheritances joyfully sing ye

Քառարտօ քառարտօ քառարտօ քառարտօ  
 With full scope hundred amens with Owen

# ḐÉIBIOMM MU M-ḐUOIḐEIL.

Eóḑan Ruab, mḑ čan.

poñ—"Seáḑan bḡḑe."

Uḑ tairḑiol na rlēḑte ḑam realab am aonari,  
ḑo fad-čnyreac, cēarḑa, ḑan āmḑ ḑmñ;

'S mē macḑnam āmī clē-beartaiḑ ḑangḡḑe  
an t-raoḑm,

Do fearḑ mo ḑnēi, 'r do čmāḑaiḑ mñ?

Uḑ b-ḑlača marī čmēḑiodar ḑalla-ḑm  
člaonab,

'S a mbaiḑte-ḑmīc aolḑa, marī fāyḡḑeas;

'S an donuḑ le čēle ḑā ḑorḑa ḑac lae omñm,

O ceanglab ēIRE le Seáḑan bḡḑe!

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Uḑ tairḑiol na rlēḑte ḑam realab am aonari  
Wandering the mountains to me while alone

ḑo fadčnyreac cēarḑa ḑan āmḑ ḑmñ  
With long wearied tormented without desire facetious

Uḑur me macḑnam āmī clē-beartaiḑ ḑangḡḑe an t-raoḑm  
And I meditating on evil deeds deceitfulness(of)the world

<sup>1</sup> The *Air* of this song is well known in the most remote district of Munster, particularly Cork and Kerry. It is founded on a very low version, of which the following stanza will suffice to form a just idea. Should any of my readers favor me with a full copy, I would publish it in *juxta-position* with an able reply by Uilliam Oall, a Tipperary bard, whom I shall soon introduce to the notice of the public.

"Čnyreabḑa 'n mḑḑmre fearḑa ḑa fḑḑmīc,

U ḑ-Corcab, a n-čḑčaiḑl 'r a ḑ-ḑmāḑlīḑe;

'S mē leḑmāḑab aon ḑm-ḑeān ḑaḑaiḑ čorḑm an ḑḑar,

Le h-eaḑla an mḑḑmre, Seáḑan bḡḑe?"

The term *Seáḑan bḡḑe*, *Yellow Jack*, or *Orange Jack*, was first applied to the followers of William III. and is now bestowed by the lower classes on such members of the various Protestant sects scattered over the face of this unhappy country, as are known to be most inimical to the Catholic faith. It is generally believed that the *initiatory* oath of an Orangeman binds him to fight "knee-deep in Popish blood," and the furious and intolerant acts of these parties tend to confirm this idea more and more. The inflictions endured under

## CAPTIVITY OF THE GAEL.

*Air— "Shane Bui."*

I wander'd the moorland all weary and worn,  
 Fell sorrow my pathway pursuing ;  
 Revolving what fetters our chain'd limbs have borne—  
 Sad sighing at Erin's undoing—  
 Our princes' sad thrall, and our fair cities' fall,  
 And wide wasted plains did appal me ;  
 And my tongue curs'd that day of the false Saxon's away,  
 When Erin was shackled by *Shane Bui* !

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do fear3 mo 3né1 a3yr do énaðal3 ríñ  
 Did wither my countenance and did torment us  
 An bflaeta man éné13iodan 3alla þyc élaonad  
 Our nobles as forsaken (by) English bucks false-hearted  
 A3yr a mbailcepwre aolba man fapwðea3  
 And their fortresses brilliant made desolate  
 A3yr an donyr le céple da ðorpa 3ac lae onnwñ  
 And the evil together shedding each day on us  
 O ceanglas éine le Sea3an bwðe  
 Since fettered Erin by John Yellow (*Shane Bui*)

the *penal code*, elicited many of these Jacobite songs from the bards of this period ; and, imbibing as they do, the political sentiments of a *persecuted* people, are calculated to keep alive a glowing hatred of the Saxon, which time can never efface. In furnishing the present version, I have had two copies of the song before me—one supplied by Mr. Michael Browne, Lismore, County Waterford, and the other from Mr. Michael O'Sullivan's manuscript collection.

Let the reader pause to behold, how the inspiration of genius enables the poet to stretch his far ken into the dark vista of the future. It is an historical fact, that at the Boyne, William's soldiers wore green boughs in their head gear to distinguish them in battle ; and yet our bards quickly named them the *Orange* or *Yellow* race. The *Upas* tree of Ireland is of very recent planting, yet our gifted seers had the heart of the nation prepared to pour forth the full measure of execration at the advent of the oft-sung badge of Saxon ascendancy.

Եօյր ածալի ա չաօլծօյրի լճաբարս շրթիմրե,  
 Ծամ քիտեանս չէարս Ծ-քիչ լամիւս քի՛ն !  
 Լան Ծ'ալիօյր աչ իրծեալէ Լե Եանայի նա  
   ն'եանլալէ,  
 Ծա քրթեալսն ալի նա չէալսն չօ քալիւն ?  
 Ծ'ամարսար քթիւն-Երիւնջիօլ, չեանամիս,  
   ծիւծ-ճէալ,  
 Եաօյն, Եարժանս, քիւն, աչ Եեալս Լան Լի ;  
 Ա մայրս 'ր ա մաօրծալս քալի Եարիս չան  
   Երթեալսն,  
 Օ նա Ե-քեալսն Ծօ Եիւնիս, ա չ-Ելար Ենի.

Եա Եաբարս, Երթիմրեալ, Եալէ, Երիւ, քեալս,  
 Եօչ, Եալլալ, Եանմալ, նա Եալալ ;  
 Ա Եարի-քօլ Երթեալ, ա քեալս 'նա քալս,  
 Օ Եալս չօ մարիսն ա Եան-Երթի :

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 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Եօյր ածալի ա չաօլծօյրի լճաբարս շրթիմրե  
 By a rivulet in narrow woody I rested awhile  
 Ծամ քիտեանս չէարս Ծքիչ լամիւս քի՛ն  
 Of my excursions sharp left motionless us  
 Լան Ծօ ալիօյր աչ իրծեալէ Լե Եանայի նա ինքնալէ  
 Full of joy listening with warbling of birds  
 Ծա քրթեալսն ալի նա չէալսն չօ քալիւն  
 Bursting forth on the branches so very sweet (harmonious)  
 Ծօ ամարսար քթիւն Երիւնջիօլ չեանամիսն ծիւծ ճէալ  
 I beheld a slender maid chaste white toothed  
   Եաօյն Եարժանս քիւն աչ Եեալս Լան Լի  
 Sweet tempered friendly modest approaching nigh us  
   Ա մայրս աչր ա մաօրծալս  
 Her gracefulness and her mildness  
   քալի Եարիս չան Երթեալսն  
 Obtained sway without flattery  
   Օ նա Եքեալսն Ծօ Եիւնիս ա չլար Ենի  
 From all I have seen of nymphs in territory of Conn

Where trees woo'd the stream of a valley profound,  
 And woodbines a bower had bound me,  
 Fair visions poetic came floating around,  
 As wild birds pour'd melody round me—  
 Then burst on my eye a bright star of the sky,  
 She smiles—and her white teeth enthrall me—  
 'Tis heaven I behold in her features' fine mould,  
 Though shaded with sorrow by *Shane Bui*!

Thick, fragrant, and fair fell her bright, shiny locks,  
 Rare tresses in beauty contending,  
 Whose long-wreathed ringlets all rivalry mocks,  
 To her exquisite ancle descending!

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Եւ ճառարած ծնէլմբոց ծալե լիւծ քարլաճ\*  
 So closely braided odorous highlysparkling

Եւ ծածալլաճ դլադծաճ դա շաճլաւ  
 Soft curled brilliant in tresses

Ճ շարիփոլշ արածաճ և քաւած յոն լաւոն  
 Her flowing locks branchy folding in wreaths

Օ ծաւր չօ մարմալն և ծաւ լիւծ  
 From head to toes her white feet

---

\* Decorated with pearls, or other ornaments, which shewed a brilliancy almost equal to the rays of the sun.

Dearbada éigre ari amharc a rgeime,  
 Sur samuil a n-ghéi, 'r a g-cáilídeact;  
 Leir an lompad a gcéin, le gairge don ghréig,  
 Tug calm' mac Iaron do báir cloídhm.

ba maireac a h-éadan tair, cnearda, ari  
 aol-dáit,  
 'S ba samuil le caol-muibhe a dá bhráoi,  
 Tarraingte ari néil-dearica, namara, néid-  
 glara,  
 Cealg na céadta le lámac raijead!  
 'Ma leacab a pléineact b'ó lara na g-caoria,  
 Tré rneacba na pléibte go ram, ríodac;  
 U ré cealg go h-aodaid me, nuair beartar  
 'na déig rim,  
 U beic rnamaróicé a g-cléineacb, le Seágan  
 b'óe!

U pearra ba réime, a mama ba géime,  
 'S a reangá-cóirp aolba gan rágal téimioi;  
 M'íl ganghib, ná claon-beart, a d-tairge 'na  
 caom-óiric,  
 'S ar tairneamác, raorí-glan, a cáilídeact:

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Dearbada éigre ari amharc a rgeime  
 Confirmed by bards on beholding her beauty  
 Sur samuil a n-ghéi a sur a g-cáilídeact  
 That equal in countenance and in appearance (fame)  
 Leir an lompad a gcéin le gairge don ghréig  
 With the fleece afar by valour to Greece  
 Tug calma mac Iaron do báir cloídhm  
 Obtained mighty son (of) *Æson* by point sword  
 ba maireac a h-éadan tair cnearda ari aol-dáit  
 So graceful her forehead soft modest on lime colour  
 a sur ba samuil le caolmuibhe a dá bhráoi  
 And equal to slender hair her two brows  
 Tarraingte ari néil-dearica namara néid-glara  
 Painted on starry eyes stately clear blue



And thus wake in song, to these bright tresses long,  
 Harps warblingly wild as the *Ceol-shee*,\*  
 "More rich than the fleece brought by Jason to Greece,  
 The golden hair sullied by *Shane Bui* !—"

The arch of her brow is a soft silky hair,  
 Her forehead with modesty brightening ;  
 To meet the dread light of her blue eye forbear—  
 There's death in the flash of its lightning !  
 The red berry's glow, lofty Mangerton's snow,  
 Ever change on her cheek to enthrall thee—  
 And my heart rent in twain when I thought of her chain,  
 Fast knotted in nuptials to *Shane Bui* !

Sprightly, yet mild, her fair countenance shone,  
 Her breast heav'd like billows of ocean ;  
 The heart that throbbed warm 'neath her emerald zone  
 • Never bounded to passion's commotion—

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ĉealz na cêadta le lamac rafžeab  
 Pierced the hundreds by casting arrows  
 Jona lecab a plêneac̃t b̃j̃b lapa na žcaona  
 In her cheeks varying was blush (hue) the grapes (berries)  
 The řneac̃ba na plêb̃te žo řam řjodac̃  
 Through snow of the mountains tranquil peaceful  
 A ře c̃ealz žo haodaj̃b me nuaj̃ř beartar jonađeiz řj̃  
 It pierced to the livers me when I judged afterwards  
 A bej̃t řnamaj̃đte a žclêj̃neac̃b le Seažan buj̃de.  
 To be fettered in nuptials with John Yellow.  
 A pearra ba řêj̃me a mama ba žêj̃me  
 Her person so gentle her breasts so pointed  
 Ažur a řeanzac̃or̃p aolba žan řažaj̃l tej̃meal  
 And her slender person bright without appearance of gloom  
 Nj̃ b̃řl žanz̃ṽb na claonb̃eřt a đcarže jona caom̃ c̃řṽt̃  
 Not is venom or false action in store in her mild countenance  
 Ažur ar řaj̃t̃neam̃ac̃ řaonžlan a c̃aj̃l̃đeac̃t  
 And most acceptable noble her appearance (fame)

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\* Fairy Music.

Այլ ամառս և իջեմե օ ծաւար զօ ցաօլ-տիօյճ,  
 Ծ'իւսրիւսիցար բէյոծ օ՛հ ծաւիյն ;  
 Ա հայրիմ և հ-իւրեւո՛ւ, 'ր յա եարստ ծար  
 թէլտիօն,  
 Ծա բախլ և չ-ցէյն ևար, յա բանիցեա՞ծ ?

'Տ արեւանս, եւրս, ծամ Ծ'իւսիցարի ան  
 իրբիւ-բեան,  
 Բյօր մ'այրիմ օ՛ եարս' օնտ, զօ բար-ճիւն ;  
 'Տ մե եանճարս Զօնցար, Շիւն ճալմա, 'ր  
 Մէլ օնծ,  
 Բարս ծրածամ յա հ-իւրիօնն ամ բայրիցեա՛ւտ :  
 Տօ ան տ'ածարս շիւ մե-ր զօ հ-արցե ամ  
 աօնար,  
 Տիօծ ճարլի և յ-ճարսիւնս բաօլ արծ-ճիօր ;  
 Ա չ ճալայն ան եարսւծ, օ՛ իւրեւանս օլ-իւրից,  
 'Տ բարս ճա՛ւ աօն յեա՛ւ Ծ'ար արիւնիցար !

Ըարս արե 'ր ևն լիօն, ան ցանցալ ի Ծար-  
 րսած,  
 Այլ ճալմա Զիւրար ճա՛ւ և՛ ճիօն !

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այլ ամառս և իջեմե օ ծաւար զօ ցաօլ տիօյճ  
 On beholding her beauty from head to slender foot  
 Ծօ իւսրիւսիցար բէյոծ օ՛հ ան ծաւիյն  
 Did inquire I myself of the babe  
 Ա հայրիմ և հիւրիօ՛ւս արս յա եարստ ծար թէլտիօն  
 Her name with effect and the deeds sent a star  
 Ծա բախլ և չցէյն ևար յա բանիցեա՛ւծ  
 Her equal afar distant a wanderer  
 Ար արեւանս եւրս ծամ Ծօ իւսիցարի ան իրբիւբեան  
 'Tis friendly polite to me did reply the heavenlymaiden

Բյօր մօ արիմ օ՛ եարս օնտ զօ բարճիւն  
 Knowledge my name I will give to you accurately  
 Ար մե եանճարս Զօնցար Շիւն ճալմա արս Մէլ օնծ  
 I am niece to Aongus Conn mighty and Neil dark

As my greedy eye stray'd o'er the beautiful maid,  
 "Queen of beauty," I cried, "O recall me  
 Thy fortune's dark fall that consign'd thee a thrall,  
 To the cold-hearted *Sassanach*, *Shane Bui*!"

"My grief," said the maiden of heavenly mien,  
 "Reveals thee my sorrowful story—  
 Dark Niall beheld me, a diadem'd queen,  
 And Conn added rays to my glory!  
 But red torch and glaive sweeps the land of the brave,  
 And horrors unceasing appal me,  
 That give the proud dome for the *Sassanach* home,  
 And the fields of our fathers to *Shane Bui*!"

"And O! the deep gloom of my wild-throbbing breast,  
 That men who should die to avenge her,

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Դսւր շրճամ զԵրինոյն ի երաշխեաց  
 Had dominion of Erin in unity  
 Տո ան տճճար շոյ միւր զօ հարկէ ամ առար  
 This the cause brought me plundered desolate. (lone)  
 Տիօժ Ըարլլ ի ռճօրնր բօյ ան շօր\*  
 Tribe of Cashel in bondage under high rent(crownrents)  
 Այ Յալլաբ ան Եսրլա ծօ թալճի ճօլնօյ  
 By Saxons the English did possess mansions  
 Այսր թարն չճ առ ղեճ ծօ ար ճրմիճար  
 And inheritance each one person that I have mentioned

Ըյր արե այսր լոյս լոյս ան արշալ բա ճօրնր  
 Cause of blemish and woe to me the fetters and captivity  
 Այր ճաճա Յիլլար չճ լա շիճմ  
 On sons of Milesius each day I see

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\* The head-rent, or tribute paid the reigning monarch, and named by the subject, as *crown*, or *quit-rents*.

Ծά η-ցրεαδα, δά γ-céara, δα γ-capra, δά  
δ-τραοόα,

Դաոյ 'ն ամա, աջ βέαραյβ αν ζήαιτ-բէլլ !

'Տ Եարն շար Բաօղալա՛ ծյն քարն առ Յոն-  
մեյ,

Ծ'նար γ-ցորնաի շօ հ-էաջ ար ատά-ժաոյ ;

'Տ նա՛ ղգարքար մե ար Լոնժօր, քե Ծ'այնն  
մօ Ծէարա,

Լե ԼաԲայօ առ րմէյնլե րն, Տեաջան Բյծե !

Ար արքար առ րջէլ րն շան ԵլաԲար Ծօ'ն րէլ-  
տյո,

'Տ Կաժա՛, Բօժ, Կաօմա՛, քլյու՛, Ծ'էաջ րն ;

'Տ մօ Ծարա աջ րաօր-րն ԼաժԾա Կլյն Ծէարա,

Շօ հ-այնն 'ր նյօր Ե-բէյօր Կ Ծ-Կաժա Լն :

Այժմ շօ հ-էաջնա՛ ար Աժար նա դաօն դեալ,

Շօ րգարքե առ Ծաօր-րգամալ քլայ՛, ծնն ;

Ծօ քարնա՛ ար շաօնԵլն, 'ր շօ Ե-Կայնն  
ԵԼԵ,

Աջ աժարա՛ շէլե ժար Տեաջան Բյծե.

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ծա ηցրεαδα δα γcéara δα γcapra δα δετραοόα  
Scorched tormented pitchforked subdued

Դաոյ առ ամա աջ βέαραյβ αν ζήαιτ բէլլ  
Under the yoke by boors of constant treachery

Ար Եարն շար Բաօղալա՛ ծյն քարն առ Լոն մեյ  
'Tis true that threatens you wrath the only son

Ծօ նար γցորնաի շօ հէաջ ար ատά-ժաոյ  
To you protect timely as ye are

Այս նա՛ ղգարքար մե ար Լոնժօր քե Ծօ Կլյն մօ  
And not divorced at all 'tis what matured my  
ծէարա  
tears

Լե ԼաԲայօ առ րմէյնլե րն Տեաջան Բյծե.  
From bed of churl that John Yellow.

See fair Erin smitten, evicted, oppress'd,  
 In chains of the treacherous stranger !  
 And O ! that the doom of the tyrant were come,  
 And the salt drops were dried that now fall free,  
 And a proud nation's force could procure a divorce  
 From the dull, plodding plunderer, *Shane Bui !*"

I heard the sad tale of the maiden distress'd,  
 Woe-burden'd and weak at the telling ;  
 My tears' briny stream had its source in my breast  
 Where shame and wild anguish were swelling—  
 And Erin of love, may the Father above  
 From the plague of the tyrant recall thee,  
 And thy young heart rejoice with the spouse of thy choice,  
 When sever'd, for ever, from *Shane Bui !*

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այր զիւր ան լռելի լին չան ճառարն զո ան թելլոյն  
 On relating the tale this without flattery to the star  
 Ար ցաւս բո՞ւն տառաք լիւսն զո թաշ լին  
 'Tis mournful poor sickly tearful did part us  
 Աչսր մօ ծարսա զչ լաօր իլե լաճա շլսն ծարսա  
 And my eyes free shedding streams heavy tears  
 Յօ հայնչ զչսր յօրն եթիւնն զ ծարսա լին  
 Quickly and not possible to dry with us  
 Այլնն Յօ հաշնաճ այր Աճարն յա յաօն յշալ  
 I beseech fervently on Father the saints bright  
 Յօ լաւր ան ծաօր-լաւր լալն ծին  
 To scatter the black cloud plague of us  
 Օր թարսած այր Յաթիւնն զչսր Յօ երկրնն Յիւն  
 That poured on Irishmen and may we behold Erin  
 Այ ծարսաճ ցիւլե շար Տաշան ծիւծ  
 With a different spouse from *Shane Bui*.

# ḡÉIBÍONNM MZU M-ḡZUOIBÉIL.

Éōḡan Ruad, mō cān.

roñ—"Seáḡan bḡde."

ʒḡ tairbÍol na rléjḡte dām yealad am aonam,  
ḡo fad-čḡmḡreac, céarḡa, ḡan áimḡ ḡmíḡ;

'S mé mačḡnam áim cḡe-beamḡaíb ḡanḡḡde  
an t-raoḡḡl,

Do fearḡ mo ḡnéi, 'r do čḡádaiḡ ríḡ?

ʒm b-ḡlačḡa mair čḡéjḡjodair ḡalla-ḡḡc  
člaonad,

'S a mbasḡte-ḡḡmḡ aolḡa, mair fáyḡdeasḡ;

'S an donur le čéjle dá ḡorḡa ḡac lae omḡḡḡ,  
O ceanḡlad éjre le Seáḡan bḡde!

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒḡ tairbÍol na rléjḡte dām yealad am aonam  
Wandering the mountains to me while alone

ḡo fadčḡmḡreac céarḡa ḡan áimḡ ḡmíḡ  
With long wearied tormented without desire facetious

ʒm me mačḡnam áim cḡe-beamḡaíb ḡanḡḡde an t-raoḡḡl  
And I meditating on evil deeds deceitfulness(of)the world

<sup>1</sup> The *Air* of this song is well known in the most remote district of Munster, particularly Cork and Kerry. It is founded on a very low version, of which the following stanza will suffice to form a just idea. Should any of my readers favor me with a full copy, I would publish it in *juxta-position* with an able reply by Ulliam Dail, a Tipperary bard, whom I shall soon introduce to the notice of the public.

"Cḡmḡreadra 'n mōḡḡmḡ fearḡa dá fōḡmḡmḡ,  
ʒ ḡ-Concad, a n-Éōčáil 'r a d-ḡmáíḡlḡḡ;  
'S ḡí leōmḡfḡd aon ḡíḡ-bean ḡadail čorḡḡ an bóčam,  
Le h-eaḡla an-mōḡḡmḡ, Seáḡan bḡde?"

The term *Seáḡan bḡde*, *Yellow Jack*, or *Orange Jack*, was first applied to the followers of William III. and is now bestowed by the lower classes on such members of the various Protestant sects scattered over the face of this unhappy country, as are known to be most inimical to the Catholic faith. It is generally believed that the *initiatory* oath of an Orangeman binds him to fight "knee-deep in Popish blood," and the furious and intolerant acts of these parties tend to confirm this idea more and more. The inflictions endured under

## CAPTIVITY OF THE GAEL.

*Air— "Shane Bui."*

I wander'd the moorland all weary and worn,  
 Fell sorrow my pathway pursuing ;  
 Revolving what fetters our chain'd limbs have borne—  
 Sad sighing at Erin's undoing—  
 Our princes' sad thrall, and our fair cities' fall,  
 And wide wasted plains did appal me ;  
 And my tongue curs'd that day of the false Saxon's away,  
 When Erin was shackled by *Shane Bui* !

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do fearḡ mo      ḡnḡi      aḡur do cḡaḡaḡḡ rḡ  
 Did wither my countenance and did torment us

ḡr bḡlaḡa maḡ cḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡalla ḡwc cḡaḡḡḡḡ  
 Our nobles as      forsaken (by) English bucks false-hearted

ḡur a mbaḡlceḡḡḡḡḡ aḡḡa maḡ fḡḡḡḡḡḡ  
 And their fortresses brilliant made desolate

ḡur aḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ le cḡḡle ḡa ḡḡḡḡa ḡaḡ lae ḡḡḡḡḡ  
 And the evil together shedding each day on us

O ceanḡlaḡ ḡḡḡ le Seḡḡan ḡḡḡ  
 Since fettered Erin by John Yellow (*Shane Bui*)

the *penal code*, elicited many of these Jacobite songs from the bards of this period ; and, imbibing as they do, the political sentiments of a *persecuted* people, are calculated to keep alive a glowing hatred of the Saxon, which time can never efface. In furnishing the present version, I have had two copies of the song before me—one supplied by Mr. Michael Browne, Lismore, County Waterford, and the other from Mr. Michael O'Sullivan's manuscript collection.

Let the reader pause to behold, how the inspiration of genius enables the poet to stretch his far ken into the dark vista of the future. It is an historical fact, that at the Boyne, William's soldiers wore green boughs in their head gear to distinguish them in battle ; and yet our bards quickly named them the *Orange* or *Yellow* race. The *Upas* tree of Ireland is of very recent planting, yet our gifted seers had the heart of the nation prepared to pour forth the full measure of execration at the advent of the oft-sung badge of Saxon ascendancy.

ba leabairi, glan, rēm, le h-amarc a h-éadan,  
 Maireamh, gheall-geall, riuamh;  
 'S a mala beag caol, air na h-amarc porz élaon,  
 Do cealg le gáirib rluairte:  
 B'is gile na h-éala, le tēimeal a lairair,  
 'S riorra, 'r a g cairmeiric, na gnuadh;  
 'S n' dligtear do ceachtar b'is uirair na  
 gnuadh,  
 Na ionad 'na h-áirte cum ruairir.

ba cailce, 'r ba gair, a mama, 'r a dēo,  
 'S a reanga-corp rēm, nāi triuasleacc;  
 'S peair a go léir o baicir go keir,  
 Gan earbad, gan bēm, gac buid ruz:  
 Fionair, 'r aicir, a h-ionad, ra h-airir,  
 'S cine, a cairir, ra cablac;  
 'S keirair, a keirair, a dligte, ra peachtair,  
 De b'irigill na gcair-réit, n-duallac.

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ba leabairi glan rēm le h-amarc a h-éadan  
 Slender pure mild to behold her forehead (face)  
 Maireamh gheall-geall riuamh  
 Comely countenance bright discreet  
 'S a mala beag caol air na h-amarc porz élaon  
 And her brow handsome slender on soft eye rolling  
 Do cealg le gáirib rluairte  
 That pierced with arrows hosts (myriads)  
 B'is gile na h-éala le tēimeal a lairair  
 The brightness of the swan with shade in flush (variegated)  
 'S riorra a gair a g cairmeiric iona gnuadh  
 Vieing and contending in her cheeks  
 'S n' dligtear do ceachtar b'is uirair na gnuadh  
 And not adjudged to either of them respect or esteem  
 Na ionad iona h-áirte cum ruairir  
 Or a place in her face to repose (rest)



Her mild, ample forehead was fair to behold,  
 Beautiful, polish'd, and tender ;  
 Her ripe eye beneath the arched brow roll'd,  
 Darting its arrowy splendor—  
 The swan's virgin snows, and the hue of the rose,  
 In her soft, peachy cheek, were contending ;  
 Now white rules alone—now red holds the throne—  
 And now in rare beauty they're blending !

Her bosom of white, her waist of delight,  
 Ne'er glow'd to the clasp of a lover :  
 From her hair-wreathed crown to her glancing foot down,  
 She triumphs all rivals over !  
 Her race and her name, her ancestral fame,  
 Her heroes, for valour's proud duty,  
 Her history's pages, the laws of her sages,  
 I question the flowing-hair'd beauty.

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Եւ յայլեւ աշար եւ չէար և մամա աշար և ծէթ  
 So bright and so pointed her breasts and her teeth

Աշար և բարձա ծորք թէյմ յար տրուալլեաց  
 And her slender person tranquil not polluted

Ա բարբա յօ լէյր օ Եւշար յօ քար  
 Her person altogether from head to grass (ground)

Յան արբա յան Եւյմ յա՛ծ Եւած յւշ  
 Without loss without blemish each victory won

Բխոյալմ աշար ասլոյմ և Եխոյած աշար և Եալոյմ  
 I ask and I entreat her home and her name

Ա Եյմ և Եարայծ աշար և Եաճաճ  
 Her ancestors her friends and her race

Ա քարեան և քարեան և Ելիճե աշար և քեաճԵայծ  
 Her tribe her inheritance her laws and her statutes

Եւ Երուշեալ յա յարմ քօլտ քուալլա՛ւ.  
 Of (the) maid (of) the flowing locks curling.

Dearbaid éigre ari amarc a rgeime,  
 Sur samuil a n-ghéi, 'r a g-cáilídeacht;  
 Leir an lomrad a gcéin, le gairge don éire,  
 Tug calm' mac Iaron do bair cloídhm.

Ba maíreac a h-éadan tair, cnearda, ari  
 aol-dait,

'S ba samuil le caol-mbe a dá bhaol,  
 Tarrmaingte ari níl-dearica, namara, níl-  
 glara,

Cealg na céadta le lámhac ráigead!

'Ma leacab a pléineacht b'ó lara na g-caora,  
 Tré íneacba na rleibte go ram, ríodac;

U ré cealg go h-aodait me, nuair beartar  
 'na déig rin,

U beic rnamaité a g-cléineacab, le Seágan  
 b'ide!

U pearta ba réime, a mama ba géime,

'S a reanra-cóip aolba gan rágal téimol;

Míl gangho, ná claon-beart, a d-tairge 'na  
 caom-chiú,

'S ar tairneamhac, raon-glán, a cáilídeacht:

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Dearbaid éigre ari amarc a rgeime

Confirmed by bards on beholding her beauty

Sur samuil a n-ghéi ari a g-cáilídeacht

That equal in countenance and in appearance (fame)

Leir an lomrad a gcéin le gairge don éire

With the fleece afar by valour to Greece

Tug calma mac Iaron do bair cloídhm

Obtained mighty son (of) Aeson by point sword

Ba maíreac a h-éadan tair cnearda ari aol-dait

So graceful her forehead soft modest on lime colour

Ari ba samuil le caol-mbe a dá bhaol

And equal to slender hair her two brows

Tarrmaingte ari níl-dearica namara níl-glara

Painted on starry eyes stately clear blue



Այր ամարս և ղշէմե օ Բաժար զօ Կաօլ-երօյճ,  
 Դ'իւրբարձեար բէյոժ Եւ'ն Բային ;  
 Ա հ-այոյմ Լե հ-էրբաճ, 'ր յա Եարտա շար  
 ղէլտյոյ,  
 Դա բախլ և շ-Են Լար, յա բանիջեաժ ?

'Տ Կարտանաճ, Եւրաճ, Եւմ Դ'բրեւջար ան  
 րբէյ-Եան,  
 Բյօր մ'այոյմ Եւ Եար' Եւր, զօ րաբ-Երն ;  
 'Տ մե Եանճարաժ Աոնջար, Երն Եալմա, 'ր  
 ղէլ Եւն,  
 Բար ԶրաԵամ յա հ-Երյոյն ամ բայրտիջեաճ :  
 Տօ ան Ե'աժԵար Եւջ մե-ր զօ հ-արճե ամ  
 աոյար,  
 Տլոժ Եարլլ և յ-ԵաօրԵրն Բաօ Եր-Եյօր ;  
 Աջ Զալլաժ ան Եարաժ, Եւ ԲալԵար Եւ-Երօյճ,  
 'Տ Բարն ճաճ աոյ ղեաճ Դ'ար Երնիժեար !

Եւր Կաճե 'ր Լէն Լոմ, ան Եանջալ րա Եաօր-  
 րաժժ,  
 Այր Եառնա Պլէրար ճաճ Լա Եյոյմ !

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այր ամարս և ղշէմե օ Բաժար զօ Կաօլ երօյճ  
 On beholding her beauty from head to slender foot

Դօ Բարբարձեար բէյոժ Եւ ան Բային  
 Did inquire I myself of the babe

Ա հայոյմ Լե հէրբոճ Եւր յա Եարտա Եւր ղէլտյոյ  
 Her name with effect and the deeds sent a star

Դա բախլ և շԵն Լար յա բանիջեաժ  
 Her equal afar distant a wanderer

Ար Կարտանաճ Եւրաճ Եւմ Դօ Բրեւջար ան րբէյ-Եան  
 'Tis friendly polite to me did reply the heavenlymaiden

Բյօր մօ այոյմ Եւ Եարաժ Եւր զօ րաբ-Երն  
 Knowledge my name I will give to you accurately

Ար մե Եանճարա Աոնջար Եւն Եալմա Եւր ղէլ Եւն  
 I am niece to Aongus Conn mighty and Neil dark

As my greedy eye stray'd o'er the beautiful maid,  
 "Queen of beauty," I cried, "O recall me  
 Thy fortune's dark fall that consign'd thee a thrall,  
 To the cold-hearted *Sassanach*, *Shane Bui*!"

"My grief," said the maiden of heavenly mien,  
 "Reveals thee my sorrowful story—  
 Dark Niall beheld me, a diadem'd queen,  
 And Conn added rays to my glory!  
 But red torch and glaive sweeps the land of the brave,  
 And horrors unceasing appal me,  
 That give the proud dome for the *Sassanach* home,  
 And the fields of our fathers to *Shane Bui*!"

"And O! the deep gloom of my wild-throbbing breast,  
 That men who should die to avenge her,

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Fuair zriadam na hÉiríon a bparitiseact  
 Had dominion of Erin in unity  
 Seo an tadbair tuz mpre zo hainzite am aonair  
 This the cause brought me plundered desolate. (lone)  
 Sliocb Cáirill a ndaoibírd faoi aib éior\*  
 Tribe of Cashel in bondage under high rent(crownrents)  
 A3 Tallaib an bÉarla do fealbaid aolbnois  
 By Saxons the English did possess mansions  
 Azur fearu zac aon neac dó ar airmídear  
 And inheritance each one person that I have mentioned

Cúir caite azur leun ljom an cegzal ra daoirmaib  
 Cause of blemish and woe to me the fetters and captivity  
 A3 clāa Míléríur zac la éibim  
 On sons of Milesius each day I see

---

\* The head-rent, or tribute paid the reigning monarch, and named by the subject, as *crown*, or *quit-rents*.

'S aic̃m̃r r̃i d'f̃aig̃ib̃ f̃aíl, an t-aic̃earc,  
 Gan clár do c̃anaim, le páirt 'r̃ t̃aic̃m̃om̃;  
 Do'n óg leógan, do f̃ealb̃aib̃ m'ógaib̃?  
 Uir̃ talam̃, 'r̃ aip̃ r̃aíl' t̃a'n b̃aibe car̃ba líñ,  
 M̃i'l fear̃am̃, ña c̃ár, le f̃aḡaíl aḡ gallaḡaic̃;  
 'S ñi f̃aḡf̃ar̃ aip̃m̃ d̃a ñ-ál, a m̃-breac̃am̃,  
 Uir̃ d̃-teac̃t a b̃aile do'n b̃án-f̃laic̃ reo aḡ  
 t̃aip̃d̃iol

le reól c̃óip̃, go fear̃ant̃ar̃ Eógan?  
 D̃a c̃ab̃aip̃ at̃a na Sp̃aīñiḡ c̃alm̃aib̃,  
 Uir̃ m̃aḡa, 'r̃ aip̃ maḡaibe, d'f̃aḡ f̃aoi  
 t̃aip̃c̃uibe;  
 Uir̃ reól c̃óip̃ na Saḡran gan t̃reoir̃!  
 'S c̃aic̃m̃leada 'ñ Cl̃aip̃, do f̃aír̃ na fear̃na-  
 r̃toc,  
 D'f̃aír̃ a m̃-banab̃aib̃, áip̃aib̃, t̃reap̃am̃vil,  
 Uir̃ f̃lior̃ leógan, 'r̃ t̃aca le t̃óip̃.  
 M̃i leig̃ib̃ aip̃ l̃aip̃ go b̃r̃aic̃t a ñ-aip̃maib̃,  
 Go ñ-gl̃anaib̃ f̃aoit̃-h̃aíl d̃aib̃ na ñ-daḡaip̃ib̃;  
 Gan t̃r̃aic̃t aip̃ c̃araib̃, ña f̃aḡaíl aip̃ aip̃ioc̃,  
 Uir̃t̃aip̃ ña b̃-fear̃ant̃aip̃, go ḡaip̃beac̃ c̃anaib̃,  
 le m̃óip̃-r̃ḡóip̃, c̃eab̃ amen le h̃-eógan?

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do an óg leógan do f̃ealb̃aib̃ mo ógaib̃  
 To the youthful hero (who) did possess (enjoy) my virginity  
 Uir̃ talam̃ aḡr̃ aip̃ r̃aile t̃a an b̃aibe car̃ba líñ  
 By land and by sea is the goal turned with us  
 Ñi b̃f̃vil fear̃am̃ na c̃ár le f̃aḡaíl aḡ gallaḡaic̃  
 Not stand (footing) or pity extended to foreigners  
 Aḡr̃ ñi f̃aḡf̃ar̃ aip̃m̃ d̃a ñal a m̃breac̃am̃  
 And not left name of (their) brood in Britain  
 Uir̃ d̃teac̃t a b̃aile do an b̃án-f̃laic̃ reo aḡ t̃aip̃d̃iol  
 On arriving home to the fair hero who is approaching  
 le reól c̃óip̃ go fear̃ant̃ar̃ Eógan  
 With sail (gale) fair to the inheritance of Eoghan  
 D̃a c̃ab̃aip̃ at̃a na Sp̃aīñiḡ c̃alm̃aib̃  
 Assisting him are the Spaniards hardy

Each chief shall wave a conqueror's blade,  
 When war's fierce lash shall scourge the stranger ;  
 From Britain's isle his name shall fade,  
 When comes old Erin's brave avenger,  
 To weave the foe a wide, bloody shroud—

“ When Spain sends bravest heroes hither,  
 Oppression's arm shall waste and wither,  
     By sea, by shore—the despot's reward—  
 And slavery's chain shall rive asunder,  
 When Erin's brave, 'mid war's wild thunder,  
     In gore bathe the green battle-sword—  
 No thought of ruth, nor word of peace  
 By heart be felt—by tongue be spoken,  
 'Till quenched in blood, his light shall cease,  
 And Saxon power lie crushed and broken”—  
     Shout loud Amen to the bard !

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այր մաճա ԳՅՐԻ Գիր մաճալիւ ԾՕ ԲԱՅ ԲԱՕԻ ԵԱՐԿԱՐԻՆԵ  
 On field and on plain did leave under contumely

Այր ԲԵԾ ԸՕՐ ՈՒ ՏԱՅՐԱՆ ՅԱՆ ԵՐԵՕՐԻ  
 To wither tribe the Saxon without strength

ԱՅՐ ԿԱԴԻՄԼԵԱԾԱ ԱՆ ՇԼԱՐԻ ԾՕ ՈՒՐ ՈՒ ԲԵԱՆԱՐԾՕ  
 And the soldiers of *Clar* of race of the ancient stock

ԾՕ ԲԱՐ Ե ՄԵԱՆԱԲԱԾ ԱՐԲԱԾ ԵՐԵԱՐԱՄԻՆԻ  
 That sprang in *Banba* ancient warlike

ԱՆ ՔԼՈՐ ԼԵԾՅԱՆ ԳՅՐ ԵԱԿ ԼԵ ԸՕՐԻ  
 The princely hero and support with pursuers

ՈՂ ԼԵՅԲԵԾ ԱՐԼԱՐ ՅՕ ԵՐԱՅԵ Ե ՈՐԱՄԱՅԵ  
 Not will lay down for ever their arms

ՅՕ ՈՂԼԱՆՔԱՅԵ ԲԱՕՐԻ-ՀԱԼԼ Օ ԱԾԱԼ ՈՒ ՈՒԾԱՆԱՐԱՅԵ  
 'Till they sweep white-hall from brood the demons

ՅԱՆ ԵՐԱԾԾ ԱՐԻ ԵԱՐԱԾ ՈՒ ԲԱՅԱԼԻ ԱՐԻ ԱՐԼՈՐ  
 Without thought of returning or chance of restitution

Ա ԲԵԱՅԵ ՈՒ ԵՐԵԱՐԱՆԵԱՐ ՅՕ ՅԱՐՆԵԱԾ ԿԱՆԱՅԵ  
 Their estates or inheritances joyfully sing ye

ԼԵ ՄՕՐ ԲՅՕՐ ԸԵԱԾ ԱՄԵՆ ԼԵ Ե-ԸԾՅԱՆ  
 With full scope hundred amens with Owen

# ḠÉIBÍOMH HÁ H-ḠAÓIBÉIL.

Éóḡan Ruab, nó cān.

roñ—"Seáḡan bʰé."¹

Ḡḡ tairbíol ná rléibte dām reallab am aonam,  
ḡo fad-čhíreac, céarba, ḡan áirb ḡrín;  
'S mé mačónam áir cīe-beartab ḡanḡwe  
an t-raoḡnī,

Do fearḡ mo ḡnéi, 'r do čriádaḡ rín?

Ḡí b-plata mar čréiḡíoban ḡalla-pʰic  
člaonab,

'S a mbailte-pʰit aolba, mar fárḡweaḡ;

'S an donur le čéile dá dōirta ḡac lae oíirín,  
O ceanḡlab éire le Seáḡan bʰé!

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ḡḡ tairbíol ná rléibte dām reallab am aonam  
Wandering the mountains to me while alone

ḡo fadčhíreac céarba ḡan áirb ḡrín  
With long wearied tormented without desire facetious

Ḡḡur mé mačónam áir cīe-beartab ḡanḡwe an t-raoḡnī  
And I meditating on evil deeds deceitfulness(of)the world

¹ The *Air* of this song is well known in the most remote district of Munster, particularly Cork and Kerry. It is founded on a very low version, of which the following stanza will suffice to form a just idea. Should any of my readers favor me with a full copy, I would publish it in *juxta-position* with an able reply by Uilliam Óall, a Tipperary bard, whom I shall soon introduce to the notice of the public.

"Cʰhíreadra 'n nóḡwe fearba dá fōḡnīr,  
Ḡ-Čorcab, a n-Éócaill 'r a d-Čraḡlīḡe;  
'S nī leómafab aon óḡ-bean ḡabail čorwī an bótar,  
Le h-eaḡla an nóḡwe, Seáḡan bʰé!"

The term *Seáḡan bʰé*, *Yellow Jack*, or *Orange Jack*, was first applied to the followers of William III. and is now bestowed by the lower classes on such members of the various Protestant sects scattered over the face of this unhappy country, as are known to be most inimical to the Catholic faith. It is generally believed that the *initiator* oath of an Orangeman binds him to fight "knee-deep in Popish blood," and the furious and intolerant acts of these parties tend to confirm this idea more and more. The inflictions endured under



## CAPTIVITY OF THE GAEL.

*Air— "Shane Bui."*

I wander'd the moorland all weary and worn,  
 Fell sorrow my pathway pursuing ;  
 Revolving what fetters our chain'd limbs have borne—  
 Sad sighing at Erin's undoing—  
 Our princes' sad thrall, and our fair cities' fall,  
 And wide wasted plains did appal me ;  
 And my tongue curs'd that day of the false Saxon's away,  
 When Erin was shackled by *Shane Bui* !

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do fear3 mo 3n  i     r do                
 Did wither my countenance and did torment us  
   r                                           
 Our nobles as forsaken (by) English bucks false-hearted  
     r                                  
 And their fortresses brilliant made desolate  
     r         r le                   le          
 And the evil together shedding each day on us  
 O              le              
 Since fettered Erin by John Yellow (*Shane Bui*)

the penal code, elicited many of these Jacobite songs from the bards of this period ; and, imbibing as they do, the political sentiments of a persecuted people, are calculated to keep alive a glowing hatred of the Saxon, which time can never efface. In furnishing the present version, I have had two copies of the song before me—one supplied by Mr. Michael Browne, Lismore, County Waterford, and the other from Mr. Michael O'Sullivan's manuscript collection.

Let the reader pause to behold, how the inspiration of genius enables the poet to stretch his far ken into the dark vista of the future. It is an historical fact, that at the Boyne, William's soldiers wore green boughs in their head gear to distinguish them in battle ; and yet our bards quickly named them the *Orange* or *Yellow* race. The Upas tree of Ireland is of very recent planting, yet our gifted seers had the heart of the nation prepared to pour forth the full measure of execration at the advent of the oft-sung badge of Saxon ascendancy.

'S a cēle cearc zup fāz rī:  
 ʒo dūb-črōʒdeac le ʒēll don rporc ?

ʒn tu Dēirdre māreac, būc, bīn,  
 Do črū čīz do pīēm nā leōʒan;  
 Muairi čraočaō flaič, 'r Fīoñ Rīʒ,  
 ʒo dūb-črōʒdeac an ēīʒion ʒleō:  
 Mō'n bēīč<sup>2</sup> le'r caslleaō Cupairʒh,  
 ʒan iontaoiō aʒ dēanaō 'n pōʒit;  
 Mō'n rpeiri-bean čneayōa, dūblaōʒdeac,  
 Ma rōwō ʒrīñ air ēīre ceo ?

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

ʒur a cēle cearc zup fāz rī  
 And her spouse just did leave she  
 ʒo dūb-črōʒdeac le ʒēll do an rporc.  
 Dismal-hearted to yield to the sport.

ʒn tu Dēirdre māreac būc bīn  
 Art thou Deirdre blooming mouth melodious

Do črū čīz do pīēm nā leōʒan  
 Whose blood sprang of root of heroes

Muairi čraočaō flaič aʒur Fīoñ Rīʒ  
 When conquered chiefs and Fionn King

---

<sup>2</sup> The lady mentioned here by the poet is blacnaid, daughter to the governor of the Isle of Man, who surpassed all the women of her time in exquisite figure and beauty; and though obtained as a prize by Cupairʒh Mac Daire, on account of the assistance he rendered the heroes of the Red Branch in plundering the island, and the dire contest he had with *Cuchullainn* afterwards on her account, when he tied him neck and heels and left him shackled like a captive after cutting off his hair with his sword; yet her attachment was so warm towards *Cúchullainn*, that she contrived the following stratagem to enable him to obtain her.

She persuaded Cupairʒh, that he ought to erect a palace for himself that should excel all the royal palaces in the kingdom, and that he might do so by sending the *Clanna Deaʒa* to gather and collect all the large upright stones in the kingdom to form this palace. Her reason for this was, that the *Clanna Deaʒa* might be dispersed

And left her lone one mourning,  
To share Cuchullin's blissful hour ?"

" Or Deirdre, beauteous rare one,  
The curse of Ullad's land of grief,  
Where for the fatal fair one  
Were strewn, in battle, king and chief ?  
Or left the great Mac Dary  
Beside his recent fortress low ?  
Or laid green Erin weary,  
Low chain'd beneath oppression's blow ?"

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Լե ծան իրօյծեաճէ աղ թշուոյ շլեօ  
By dismal heart rending in violence of battle

Որ աղ Եթէ Լե ար արկեաճ Կարալի  
Or the nymph by whom slain (lost) *Curaigh*

Յաղ յորտօյն աշ ծեղած աղ թօյր  
Without reliance in making the bank

Որ աղ րթնեան իրարմ ծանաւծեաճ  
Or the fair woman mild doubled

Որ արմաւ շնի ար Էրե քեծ.  
In vapour artificial on *Eirin* mist.

in distant parts of Ireland, far from *Curaigh*, at the time that *Cúcualla* should come to carry her off. *Cúcualla*, being informed that the *Clann Dea* were scattered over the kingdom, sets out privately, and soon arrived at a wood near the seat of *Curaigh*, and sends secretly to inform *Blathad* of his arrival, with a large body of troops along with him. She sends him word that she would steal *Curaigh's* sword, and then as a sign of attack, that she would spill a large vessel of new milk that was in the house into the rivulet which flowed from the castle through the wood where *Cúcualla* was concealed. Having heard this, in a short time he perceived the stream white with the milk, when, sallying out, they forced into the palace and slew *Curaigh*, who was alone and unarmed, and took *Blathad* away with them to Ulster. This river was then called *Fionnula*, from being made white with milk.—*Keating*.

For the fate of *Blathad* see note at page 32 of this work.

Dearbaid éigre ari amarc a rgeime,  
 Sur samuil a n-ghéi, 'r a g-cáilídeact;  
 Leir an lompaid a gcéin, le gairge don ghéir,  
 Tug calm' mac Iaron do bair cloidhinn.

ba maireac a h-éadan cair, cnearda, ari  
 aol-daič,  
 'S ba samuil le caol-mhíbe a dá bhríoi,  
 Cairriainge ari míl-dearica, riamaia, míl-  
 glara,  
 Cealg na céadta le lámhac raijead!  
 'Ma leacab a pléineact b'í laia na g-caoria,  
 Tíe rneacda na rleibte go ram, ríodac;  
 'U ríe cealg go h-aodaid me, nuair beartar  
 'na déirg rin,  
 'U beir rnamarócé a g-cléineacab, le Seágan  
 b'íde!

'U peairia ba ríeime, a mama ba géime,  
 'S a reanra-cóirp aoida gan ráraíl téimíol;  
 Míl gairgíob, ná claon-beart, a d-cairge 'na  
 caom-chíre,  
 'S ar cairneamhac, raor-glán, a cáilídeact:

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Dearbaid éigre ari amarc a rgeime  
 Confirmed by bards on beholding her beauty  
 Sur samuil a n-ghéi ari a g-cáilídeact  
 That equal in countenance and in appearance (same)  
 Leir an lompaid a gcéin le gairge don ghéir  
 With the fleece afar by valour to Greece  
 Tug calma mac Iaron do bair cloidhinn  
 Obtained mighty son (of) Eson by point sword  
 ba maireac a h-éadan cair cnearda ari aol-daič  
 So graceful her forehead soft modest on lime colour  
 'U ba samuil le caol-mhíbe a dá bhríoi  
 And equal to slender hair her two brows  
 Cairriainge ari míl-dearica riamaia míl-glara  
 Painted on starry eyes stately clear blue

And thus wake in song, to these bright tresses long,  
 Harps warblingly wild as the *Ceol-shee*,\*  
 "More rich than the fleece brought by Jason to Greece,  
 The golden hair sullied by *Shane Bui* !—"

The arch of her brow is a soft silky hair,  
 Her forehead with modesty brightening ;  
 To meet the dread light of her blue eye forbear—  
 There's death in the flash of its lightning !  
 The red berry's glow, lofty Mangerton's snow,  
 Ever change on her cheek to enthral thee—  
 And my heart rent in twain when I thought of her chain,  
 Fast knotted in nuptials to *Shane Bui* !

Sprightly, yet mild, her fair countenance shone,  
 Her breast heav'd like billows of ocean ;  
 The heart that throbbed warm 'neath her emerald zone  
 Never bounded to passion's commotion—

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ĉealz na cêadta le lamac rafžeab  
 Pierced the hundreds by casting arrows  
 Jona lecab a plêjneact bið lapa      na žcaora  
 In her cheeks varying was blush (hue) the grapes (berries)  
 Tre jneacda na rlêjhte zo ram rjodač  
 Through snow of the mountains tranquil peaceful  
 A re čealz zo haodaib me nuaip beapcar jonadēiz rjov  
 It pierced to the livers me when I judged afterwards  
 A bejt rnamajhte a žclêjneacōb le Seažan bujde.  
 To be fettered in nuptials with John Yellow.  
 A peapra ba řêjme a mama ba žêjpe  
 Her person so gentle her breasts so pointed  
 Ažur a reanžacorp aolba žan řažail tejmeal  
 And her slender person bright without appearance of gloom  
 Nj beryl žanžvōb na claonbēit a dcajrže jona caom črvt  
 Not is venom or false action in store in her mild countenance  
 Ažur ar rajtneamāc řaonžlan a cajlbeact  
 And most acceptable noble her appearance (fame)

---

\* Fairy Music.

Այլ ամառս և բջիմե օ Բաժար չօ Երեւոյճ,  
 Դ' Բարբառէար բէյոժ Եւ'ն Եւթին ;  
 Ա հ-այոյմ Լե հ-էրբաճ, 'ր յա Եարտա Շար  
 թէլտլոյ,

Դա բառսլ և չ-ճին Լար, յա բանիջեա՞ծ ?

'Տ Եարտաճ, Եարաճ, Եամ Ե'բարձարի ան  
 բթի-Եան,

Բյօր մ'այոյմ Եւ Եար' Եւտ, չօ բար-ճիւն ;

'Տ մե Եարճարա՞ծ Աոնչար, Շոյն Շալմա, 'ր  
 Մէլ Եւթ,

Բարի ճարճամ յա հ-Երիւոյն ամ բարբառէաճ :  
 Տօ ան Ե'աճար Շոյ մե-ր չօ հ-արճե ամ  
 աոնար,

Տիօժ Եարլլ և յ-Եարթիւն բար ճիւ-ճիւ ;  
 Այ ճալլան ան Եարաճ, Եւ բարբառ Շոլ-Երեւոյճ,  
 'Տ բարի ճաճ աոն յաճ Ե'ար ճիւնիճար !

Շար Եարճե 'ր Լին Լոյմ, ան Եանչալ բա Եար-  
 բաճ,

Այլ Շառնա Միլերար ճաճ Լա Շիւն !

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այլ ամառս և բջիմե օ Բաժար չօ Երեւոյճ  
 On beholding her beauty from head to slender foot

Դօ Բարբառէար բէյոժ Եւ ան Եւթին  
 Did inquire I myself of the babe

Ա հայոյմ Լե հէրբաճ Եար յա Եարտա Շար թէլտլոյ  
 Her name with effect and the deeds sent a star

Դա բառսլ և չճին Լար յա բանիջեա՞ծ  
 Her equal afar distant a wanderer

Ար Եարտաճ Եարաճ Եամ Եւ բարձարի ան բթիւԵան  
 'Tis friendly polite to me did reply the heavenly maiden

Բյօր մօ այոյմ Եւ Եարաճ Եար չօ բարճիւն  
 Knowledge my name I will give to you accurately

Ար մե Եարճարա Աոնչար Շիւն Շալմա Եար Մէլ Եւթ  
 I am niece to Aongus Conn mighty and Neil dark

As my greedy eye stray'd o'er the beautiful maid,  
 "Queen of beauty," I cried, "O recall me  
 Thy fortune's dark fall that consign'd thee a thrall,  
 To the cold-hearted *Sassanach*, *Shane Bui*!"

"My grief," said the maiden of heavenly mien,  
 "Reveals thee my sorrowful story—  
 Dark Niall beheld me, a diadem'd queen,  
 And Conn added rays to my glory!  
 But red torch and glaive sweeps the land of the brave,  
 And horrors unceasing appal me,  
 That give the proud dome for the *Sassanach* home,  
 And the fields of our fathers to *Shane Bui*!"

"And O! the deep gloom of my wild-throbbing breast,  
 That men who should die to avenge her,

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Fuair zriadam na hÉirioth a bpaipcijsaet  
 Had dominion of Erin in unity  
 Seo an tadbair tuz mife zo haimzte am aonair  
 This the cause brought me plundered desolate. (lone)  
 Sliocht Cahirll a ndaoibneab faoi aib cior\*  
 Tribe of Cashel in bondage under high rent(crownrents)  
 Ag Sallaib an bEapla do fealbaid aolbnoiz  
 By Saxons the English did possess mansions  
 Agur feapn zac aon neac do ar aipmibeap  
 And inheritance each one person that I have mentioned

Cúir caite agur leun liom an ceizal ra daoirmaeb  
 Cause of blemish and woe to me the fetters and captivity  
 Air claidh Milerur zac la cirdim  
 On sons of Milesius each day I see

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\* The head-rent, or tribute paid the reigning monarch, and named by the subject, as *crown*, or *quit-rents*.

'S aic'nyr y d'fāiſyb fāi, an t-aic'earc,  
 ſan clār do cānaim, le pāiſt 'r tajiſioſm;  
 Do'n dſ leōſan, do ſealbaid m'ōſacō?  
 Uſi talaſm, 'r aſi fāi' tā'n bāiſe carba liſ,  
 Mj'l ſearaim, nā cār, le fāſail aſ ſallaſſic;  
 'S nī fāſſar aſiſm dā n-āl, a m-bſeataſm,  
 Uſi d-teac't a baiſe do'n bān-ſlaiſt ſeo aſ  
 tajiſioſl

le ſeōl cōiſ, ſo ſearantay eōſam?

Dā cābair atā na ſpāiſiſ cālmaō,  
 Uſi māſa, 'r aſi mačaiſe, d'fāſ fāoi  
 tajiſſiſe;

Uſi ſeōc cōiſ na ſaſran ſan tſeoiſ!  
 'S cajiſſileāō 'n clāiſ, do ſār na ſeana-  
 rſoc,

D'fār a m-banabaō, āiſaō, tſearamiſl,

Uſi ſlioy leōſan, 'r taca le tōiſ.

Mj leiſſiſ aſi lāi ſo bſaiſt a n-aſmaſb,  
 ſo n-ſlanaiſ fāoiſt-hāll ō āōal na n-daſaiſſiſ;  
 ſan tſiāc't aſi cāraō, nā fāſail aſi aſſiſoc,  
 Uſtāiſ nā b-ſearantayſ, ſo ſāiſſiſeac cānaiſ,  
 le mōiſ-ſſōiſ, cēāō amen le h-eōſan?

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do an dſ leōſan do ſealbaid mo ōſacō  
 To the youthful hero (who) did possess (enjoy) my virginity

Uſi talaſm aſſiſ aſi fāiſe tā an baiſe carba liſ  
 By land and by sea is the goal turned with us

Nī bſiſ ſearaim nā cār le fāſail aſ ſallaſſic  
 Not stand (footing) or pity extended to foreigners

Aſſiſ nī fāſſar aſiſm dā nāl a m-bſeataſm  
 And not left name of (their) brood in Britain

Uſi dteac't a baiſe do an bān-ſlaiſt ſeo aſ tajiſſiſol  
 On arriving home to the fair hero who is approaching

le ſeōl cōiſ ſo ſearantay eōſam  
 With sail (gale) fair to the inheritance of Eoghan

Dā cābair atā na ſpāiſiſ cālmaō  
 Assisting him are the Spaniards hardy



Each chief shall wave a conqueror's blade,  
 When war's fierce lash shall scourge the stranger ;  
 From Britain's isle his name shall fade,  
 When comes old Erin's brave avenger,  
 To weave the foe a wide, bloody shroud—

“ When Spain sends bravest heroes hither,  
 Oppression's arm shall waste and wither,  
 By sea, by shore—the despot's reward—  
 And slavery's chain shall rive asunder,  
 When Erin's brave, 'mid war's wild thunder,  
 In gore bathe the green battle-sword—  
 No thought of ruth, nor word of peace  
 By heart be felt—by tongue be spoken,  
 'Till quenched in blood, his light shall cease,  
 And Saxon power lie crushed and broken”—  
 Shout loud Amen to the bard !

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այլ մաձա աջրք այլ մաճարիւ Ծօ քնչ քօլ շարճարիւ  
 On field and on plain did leave under contumely

Այլ քծծ շօք նա Տաճրոյ չոյ շրօյր  
 To wither tribe the Saxon without strength

Աջր Կալմիւսեծա աղ Շլար Ծօ մար նա քեռնարտօ  
 And the soldiers of *Clar* of race of the ancient stock

Ծօ քար ա մեռնած արած շրօարմիւ  
 That sprang in *Banba* ancient warlike

Աղ քիօր քծճոյ աջրք շաճա ք շօյր  
 The princely hero and support with pursuers

Ոյ քիւլքիւ արկար չօ երալտ ա քարմար  
 Not will lay down for ever their arms

Չօ քշլարքալք քօլտ-հալ օ աճալ նա քեռնարմիւ  
 'Till they sweep white-hall from brood the demons

Չոյ քրած այլ շարած նա քաճալլ այլ ալլիօ  
 Without thought of returning or chance of restitution

Ա քալտ նա քրօարտար չօ չալքեաճ Կաղալ  
 Their estates or inheritances joyfully sing ye

Ք մօր քճօյր քեաճ ալլա ք ի-Շճոյ  
 With full scope hundred amens with Owen

# ḡÉÍDÍOMM MZ M-ḡAÓÍDEIL.

Éóḡan Ruad, nó cān.

ron—"Seáḡan bḡde."

Ḃḡ tairḡíol na rléíḡte ḡam realaḡ am aonam,  
ḡo rād-ḡhíreac, céarḡa, ḡan áirḡ ḡrḡḡ;

'S mé maḡḡnam áir cīe-beairḡaíḡ ḡanḡḡde  
an t-rāoḡḡl,

Do reairḡ mo ḡnéi, 'r do cīrādāiḡ rḡḡ?

Ḃí b-plāḡa mar cīreíḡíodan ḡalla-rḡc  
cīaonad,

'S a mbairḡe-rḡḡt aolḡa, mar rārḡḡdeas;

'S an donur le cēile dá ḡorḡa ḡac lae oíḡḡḡḡ,

O ceanḡlad éíre le Seáḡan bḡde!

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ḃḡ tairḡíol na rléíḡte ḡam realaḡ am aonam  
Wandering the mountains to me while alone

ḡo rād-ḡhíreac céarḡa ḡan áirḡ ḡrḡḡ  
With long wearied tormented without desire facetious

Ḃḡur mé maḡḡnam áir cīe-beairḡaíḡ ḡanḡḡde an t-rāoḡḡl  
And I meditating on evil deeds deceitfulness(of)the world

<sup>1</sup> The *Air* of this song is well known in the most remote district of Munster, particularly Cork and Kerry. It is founded on a very low version, of which the following stanza will suffice to form a just idea. Should any of my readers favor me with a full copy, I would publish it in *juxta-position* with an able reply by Uílliam Óall, a Tipperary bard, whom I shall soon introduce to the notice of the public.

"Cḡhíreacra 'n rḡḡḡre reairḡa dá rḡḡḡḡḡ,  
Ḃ ḡ-Corcaḡ, a ḡ-Éḡcáíll 'r a ḡ-ḡraíḡíḡe;  
'S ḡí leḡḡḡḡḡ aon ḡíḡ-bean ḡabáíḡ cḡḡḡḡ an bḡḡar,  
Le h-eaḡla an-rḡḡḡre, Seáḡan bḡde?"

The term *Seáḡan bḡde*, *Yellow Jack*, or *Orange Jack*, was first applied to the followers of William III. and is now bestowed by the lower classes on such members of the various Protestant sects scattered over the face of this unhappy country, as are known to be most inimical to the Catholic faith. It is generally believed that the *initiatory* oath of an Orangeman binds him to fight "knee-deep in Popish blood," and the furious and intolerant acts of these parties tend to confirm this idea more and more. The inflictions endured under

## CAPTIVITY OF THE GAEL.

*Air— "Shane Bui."*

I wander'd the moorland all weary and worn,  
 Fell sorrow my pathway pursuing ;  
 Revolving what fetters our chain'd limbs have borne—  
 Sad sighing at Erin's undoing—  
 Our princes' sad thrall, and our fair cities' fall,  
 And wide wasted plains did appal me ;  
 And my tongue curs'd that day of the false Saxon's sway,  
 When Erin was shackled by *Shane Bui* !

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Do fearis mo      ʒnêl      ʒʒyr do çraðajis rir̃  
 Did wither my countenance and did torment us  
 An bflata mar çrêjʒjodan      ʒalla pwc çlaonad  
 Our nobles as forsaken (by) English bucks false-hearted  
 ʒʒyr a mbajlcepr̃wt      ʒolba mar p̃arwðeaz  
 And their fortresses brilliant made desolate  
 ʒʒyr an ðoñyr le çêjle      ʒa ðor̃ta ʒac læ oñr̃w̃  
 And the evil together shedding each day on us  
 O ceanglad Êjre le Seaʒan b̃wðe  
 Since fettered Erin by John Yellow (*Shane Bui*)

the *penal code*, elicited many of these Jacobite songs from the bards of this period ; and, imbibing as they do, the political sentiments of a *persecuted* people, are calculated to keep alive a glowing hatred of the Saxon, which time can never efface. In furnishing the present version, I have had two copies of the song before me—one supplied by Mr. Michael Browne, Lismore, County Waterford, and the other from Mr. Michael O'Sullivan's manuscript collection.

Let the reader pause to behold, how the inspiration of genius enables the poet to stretch his far ken into the dark vista of the future. It is an historical fact, that at the Boyne, William's soldiers wore green boughs in their head gear to distinguish them in battle ; and yet our bards quickly named them the *Orange* or *Yellow* race. The Upas tree of Ireland is of very recent planting, yet our gifted seers had the heart of the nation prepared to pour forth the full measure of execration at the advent of the oft-sung badge of Saxon ascendancy.

Coir abain a g-caolbóirne rtabara tréimhe,  
 Dam riúteana géara d-éirg támaic ríh!  
 Lán d'aitioir ag éirdeacé le canúin na  
 n'eanlaicé,  
 Dá rppieagad ari na géagad go ráirbíh?  
 D'amaircar rpeir-bvinníoll, geannamác,  
 déir-geal,  
 Čaoir, čarčanač, řéim, ag teacó láim líh;  
 U mairre 'r a maorđacó ruairi bairia gan  
 bréaghad,  
 O na b-keacab do bēicib, a g-cláir Čvñ.

ba čabairac, dtréimieac, daité, trub, péarilac,  
 boz, bačallac, niamđac, na táclaoj;  
 U čarir-folt čraobac, a keacab 'na řlaoda,  
 O bačur go meupairb a bān-črioře:

---

 INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Coir abain a gcaolbóirne rtabara tréimhe  
 By a rivulet in narrow woody I rested awhile  
 Dam riúteana géara d-éirg támaic ríh  
 Of my excursions sharp left motionless us  
 Lán do airtioir ag éirdeacé le canúin na n'eanlaicé  
 Full of joy listening with warbling of birds  
 Dá rppieagad ari na géagad go ráirbíh  
 Bursting forth on the branches so very sweet (harmonious)  
 Do amaircar rpeir bviriníoll geannamnac déir geal  
 I beheld a slender maid chaste white toothed  
 Čaoir čarčanač řéim ag teacó láim líh  
 Sweet tempered friendly modest approaching nigh us  
 U mairre agur a maorđacó  
 Her gracefulness and her mildness  
 ruairi bairia gan bréaghad  
 Obtained sway without flattery  
 O na bkeacab do bēicib a gcláir Čvñ  
 From all I have seen of nymphs in territory of Conn

Where trees woo'd the stream of a valley profound,  
 And woodbines a bower had bound me,  
 Fair visions poetic came floating around,  
 As wild birds pour'd melody round me—  
 Then burst on my eye a bright star of the sky,  
 She smiles—and her white teeth enthrall me—  
 'Tis heaven I behold in her features' fine mould,  
 Though shaded with sorrow by *Shane Bui*!

Thick, fragrant, and fair fell her bright, shiny locks,  
 Rare tresses in beauty contending,  
 Whose long-wreathed ringlets all rivalry mocks,  
 To her exquisite ancle descending!

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Նա ճափարձ Ծղնիմրեճ ծալքե լիւծ քնարևաճ\*  
 So closely braided odorous highlysparkling

Նոց Բաճալլաճ ղյաղծաճ ղա շաճաւ  
 Soft curled brilliant in tresses

Ճ Եարիթու ԵրաօԲաճ և քաճաճ յոնա լիաօԲա  
 Her flowing locks branchy folding in wreaths

Օ Եաճար յօ մարմալԵ և Բան Երույճ  
 From head to toes her white feet

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\* Decorated with pearls, or other ornaments, which shewed a brilliancy almost equal to the rays of the sun.

Dearbaid éigre ari amarc a rgeime,  
 Sur samuil a n-ghéi, 'r a g-cáilídeact;  
 Leir an lompad a gcéin, le gairge don dhéig,  
 Tu g calm' mac Iaron do báir cloídhin.

ba mairéac a h-éadan tair, cnearda, ari  
 aol-dáit,  
 'S ba samuil le caol-mhe a dá bhaol,  
 Tarrainnte ari néil-dearica, namana, néid-  
 glara,  
 Cealg na céadta le lámhach rairgead!  
 'Ma leacab a pléireact bhó lara na g-caora,  
 Tré rneacba na rleibte go ráim, ríodac;  
 'U ré cealg go h-aodab me, nuair beartar  
 'na dhéig rin,  
 'U beir rnamaróit a g-cléireact, le Seágan  
 bnde!

'U pearra ba réime, a mama ba géime,  
 'S a reanga-cóir aolba gan rágal téimol;  
 Míl gantid, ná claon-beart, a d-tairge 'na  
 caom-chuit,  
 'S ar tairneamhac, raor-glán, a cáilídeact:

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Dearbaid éigre ari amarc a rgeime  
 Confirmed by bards on beholding her beauty  
 Sur samuil a n-ghéi a sur a g-cáilídeact  
 That equal in countenance and in appearance (fame)  
 Leir an lompad a gcéin le gairge don dhéig  
 With the fleece afar by valour to Greece  
 Tu g calma mac Iaron do báir cloídhin  
 Obtained mighty son (of) Eson by point sword  
 Ba mairéac a h-éadan tair cnearda ari aolbait  
 So graceful her forehead soft modest on lime colour  
 A sur ba samuil le caolmhe a dá bhaol  
 And equal to slender hair her two brows  
 Tarrainnte ari néildearica namana néidglara  
 Painted on starry eyes stately clear blue

And thus wake in song, to these bright tresses long,  
 Harps warblingly wild as the *Ceol-shee*,\*  
 "More rich than the fleece brought by Jason to Greece,  
 The golden hair sullied by *Shane Bui*!—"

The arch of her brow is a soft silky hair,  
 Her forehead with modesty brightening;  
 To meet the dread light of her blue eye forbear—  
 There's death in the flash of its lightning!  
 The red berry's glow, lofty Mangerton's snow,  
 Ever change on her cheek to enthrall thee—  
 And my heart rent in twain when I thought of her chain,  
 Fast knotted in nuptials to *Shane Bui*!

Sprightly, yet mild, her fair countenance shone,  
 Her breast heav'd like billows of ocean;  
 The heart that throbbed warm 'neath her emerald zone  
 Never bounded to passion's commotion—

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Čealʒ na céadta le lámhac raʒʒeab  
 Pierced the hundreds by casting arrows  
 Jona lecab a pléineac̃t bʲib lara na ʒcaona  
 In her cheeks varying was blush (hue) the grapes (berries)  
 Tne ʃneac̃ba na pléib̃ce ʒo ʃam ʃʲoðac̃  
 Through snow of the mountains tranquil peaceful  
 A ʀé čealʒ ʒo haðab̃b me nuaʃn beaʃtaʀ ʃonaðéʒ ʃʲʲ  
 It pierced to the livers me when I judged afterwards  
 A beʃt ʃnaʃaʲb̃ce a ʒcléʃneac̃b le Seaʒan buʲðe.  
 To be fettered in nuptials with John Yellow.  
 A peaʃra ba ʃéʃme a mama ba ʒéʃne  
 Her person so gentle her breasts so pointed  
 Aʒur a ʀeaʒaðoʃp aolba ʒan ʀaʒaʃl teʃmeal  
 And her slender person bright without appearance of gloom  
 Nʲ bʀʲʲ ʒanʒʲṽb na claonb̃geʃt a ðaʲʃʒe ʃona caom̃ čʲʲ  
 Not is venom or false action in store in her mild countenance  
 Aʒur aʀ taʃtneam̃ac̃ ʀaonʒlan a caʲʲb̃eac̃t  
 And most acceptable noble her appearance (fame)

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\* Fairy Music.

Այր ամառս և բջիմս օ Բաժար չօ Երեմի,  
 Դ' Բարբառեար բէյնծ Եւ'ն Բային;  
 Ա հայրսն Լե հէքեաճ, 'ր յա Բարս Եւր  
 թէլտիօն,

Դա բախլ և չԵն Լար, յա բանիջեաճ?

'Տ Եարեան, Բարս, Եւմ Դ' Բարբառ Եւ  
 Բթիւ-Բար,

Բթիւ մ'այրսն Եւ Բարս' Եւ, չօ բար-Երեմի;

'Տ մե Բարբառ Եւր, Եւր Եւմ, 'ր  
 Մէլ Եւ,

Բարսն Եւմ յա հ-Երեմիսն Եւ բարբառեաճ:  
 Տօ Եւ Ե' Եւմ Եւ չօ մե-ր չօ հ-Երեմի Եւ  
 Եւմ,

Տիօն Եւրսն և յ-Եւրեմիսն բարս Եւ-Երեմի;  
 Ա չօ Եւմ Եւ Բարս, Եւ Եւմ Եւ-Երեմի,  
 'Տ Եւրսն չօ Եւ Եւմ Ե' Եւ Եւմ Եւր!

Եւր Եւմ 'ր Լեմ Լիւ, Եւ Եւմ Ե' Եւ-Երեմի,  
 Եւմ,

Այր Եւմ Եւմ Եւմ Եւմ Եւ Եւմ!

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Այր ամառս և բջիմս օ Բաժար չօ Երեմի  
 On beholding her beauty from head to slender foot

Դօ Բարբառեար բէյնծ Եւ Եւ Բային  
 Did inquire I myself of the babe

Ա հայրսն Լե հէքեաճ Եւր յա Բարս Եւր թէլտիօն  
 Her name with effect and the deeds sent a star

Դա բախլ և չԵն Լար յա բանիջեաճ  
 Her equal afar distant a wanderer

Ար Եարեան Բարս Եւմ Եւ Բարբառ Եւ Բթիւ-Բար  
 'Tis friendly polite to me did reply the heavenly maiden

Բթիւ մօ Եւրսն Եւ Բարս Եւ չօ բար-Երեմի  
 Knowledge my name I will give to you accurately

Ար մե Բարբառ Եւր, Եւր Եւմ Եւ Եւմ Եւր Մէլ Եւ  
 I am niece to Aongus Conn mighty and Neil dark



As my greedy eye stray'd o'er the beautiful maid,  
 "Queen of beauty," I cried, "O recall me  
 Thy fortune's dark fall that consign'd thee a thrall,  
 To the cold-hearted *Sassanach*, *Shane Bui*!"

"My grief," said the maiden of heavenly mien,  
 "Reveals thee my sorrowful story—  
 Dark Niall beheld me, a diadem'd queen,  
 And Conn added rays to my glory!  
 But red torch and glaive sweeps the land of the brave,  
 And horrors unceasing appal me,  
 That give the proud dome for the *Sassanach* home,  
 And the fields of our fathers to *Shane Bui*!"

"And O! the deep gloom of my wild-throbbing breast,  
 That men who should die to avenge her,

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Դսայր շրճամ ին ի Երին ի նիւթի շէպտ  
 Had dominion of Erin in unity  
 Տես առ շոճար շոճ միւր շո իսրիշտե մ առար  
 This the cause brought me plundered desolate. (lone)  
 Տիւօճ Կարլլ ի յճարման բայ ար շիւր\*  
 Tribe of Cashel in bondage under high rent (crownrents)  
 Այ Յալլա ին ի Եսրա յո իւրա յո առար  
 By Saxons the English did possess mansions  
 Այս իւր շոճ առ յոճ յոճ առ յոճ  
 And inheritance each one person that I have mentioned

Կսր արտե ազր իւր իւր առ շոճալ ի յճարման  
 Cause of blemish and woe to me the fetters and captivity  
 Այ յոճա յոճա յոճա յոճ յոճ յոճ  
 On sons of Milesius each day I see

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\* The head-rent, or tribute paid the reigning monarch, and named by the subject, as *crown*, or *quit-rents*.

## UILLIAM DALL Ua h-eifearnáin.

William Heffernan, more commonly known by the name of Uilliam Dall, was born at Shronehill, three miles west of Tipperary, and flourished in the beginning of the eighteenth century. He was of an ancient and respectable family, though placed in a low condition of life, which, added to his being born blind, made him inherit largely those misfortunes to which, it is said, the favourites of the muses are often subject. He was the cotemporary of great names, though of very different characters. He was not less distinguished by the friendship of Tuomy, and M'Donnell—men whose memories like his own are embalmed in immortal verse—than by his unmitigated hostility to Damer the celebrated usurer, a name condemned to the everlasting infamy that awaits the abuse of wealth and power, when they are perverted to selfish and sordid purposes, instead of being made subservient to the public good. This man, the *Rothschild* of his time, on his first coming to this country was accompanied by a colony from Scotland, brought over for the double purpose of society and protection, but who excited in the minds of the people those feelings usually provoked by the insolence of planters, and arising from the impression, that every such settlement is an unjust invasion of the natural birthright of the original inhabitants, so frequently and so forcibly denounced of late in the almost universal cry of "Ireland for the Irish." These occasions were too tempting to allow the poet's fire to burn innocuously, and, accordingly, his most powerful invectives were directed against this despoiler of the indigent and his Scotch retinue, who lived and fattened on the patrimony of his ancestors, and gave no return but insult and oppression.

It is to be lamented, that his great natural talents had not the aid of early culture, and that a mind like his was not improved by education; for how much soever it may have been a question with the ancients, the judgment of mankind has long since pronounced, that the praise of posterity does not belong to the mere efforts of poetic inspiration, unless directed and refined by the rules of literature and science. It may seem strange, notwithstanding, that his compositions abound with so many elegant sentiments and frequent allusions to pagan mythology. But, besides that the language of nature is not restricted to country or clime, this is accounted for by a tradition still common in the place of his birth—that at Latten, in his immediate vicinity, there was a classical school conducted by a Valentine Roche, whither the blind wanderer often found his way to listen with enraptured attention to those

sublime lessons of poetry and eloquence bequeathed to us by the sages of Greece and Rome.

Of M'Donnell, surnamed Clapach, he was the intimate and bosom friend, by whom he was often visited, and to whose bounty he was often indebted. Of their frequent contentions in wit and poetry many anecdotes are recorded. Of the former the following conversation will afford an example:—

Clapach. Ca fadó atá tu ball?	Claragh. How far back are you blind?
Uilliam. O cáil mo éifh a gall.	William. To my very poll.
Clap. An bfuil tú a bfuil ad ball?	Clar. How long are you blind?
Uil. O mullac mo éifh go bón.	Wil. From head to foot.
Clap. An bfuil tú iiam ad ball?	Clar. Are you always blind?
Uil. Níl me iiam an.	Wil. I am not always in the world.
Clap. O cuad éf ra ceathrar ní feaifi tu beif?	Clar. Being such as you are 'tis so much the better.
Uil. Da m'feaf do beif.	Wil. If it were better I would be so.

On another occasion, having undertaken for a wager to find out Clapach on one of his visits to the neighbourhood, he went about from house to house repeating these words—

'S mife an file ceathrad,  
Atá tead a g-claí na ndaoine?

To which Clapach replied—

'S file tu b-fuif breall aif,  
Atá 'muif an e-amro d'oisce.

At another time coming suddenly on the blind man as he was turning out manure, he addressed him in these beautiful lines—

Ca'ri gabadar na raofe do bí 'zaf a g-claí Fódla,  
Tneif Caifill Cuife an fíona, do fíolnaif d'Édgan?  
'Na b-feifmif an file líomta d'fíon-fuif feo Síonafill,  
Ag íomcar baifa íolaif la daoine zan bróga!

To which the following extempore reply is no less elegant—

Ca'ri gáif briaí bóifme an leógan do éraoíad  
A g-caifmeife Luaf an éomraice, mo brón! daoine  
'n ceurda;

Nó Muicad do leónac fluaifce Turferrur,  
Nó h-anraoi do éoif leif an é'róif uaif ar Éifne?

Many short distichs heard amongst the people bespeak his poverty and his afflictions, such as—

'S mīnīc me a ʒ-Cuīllīn 'r m'ūllīn tpe'm dōca !

'S mīnīc me a ʒaīcīon aīn uīnearba bīdōʒa !

'S mīnīc me a Sīdōnāīll ʒo dūbāc, 'r ʒo bīdōnāc !

'S pačad aīn buīle mān a ʒ-cloīrfe mē cōmīnāʒ ?

At the period in which he lived, when the darkness of persecution overspread the land, and its sword was unsheathed against all who adhered with devotional constancy to the faith of their fathers—when the ignorance, which has been so often made the subject of reproach against us, was created by penal enactments, and the vengeance of the laws was sure to overtake those who sighed for the lost glories of their country, or breathed sentiments of hope for her future liberty and independence ; it is not to be wondered at that of those qualified by their talents for such an office, few were found so ambitious of martyrdom as to undertake it. It is otherwise difficult to account for the scarcity of the compositions of this distinguished poet ; for the small number of them which have reached us bear upon them evidently the impress of no ordinary mind. Even Mr. Hardiman, the historian of Galway, states in his "Irish Minstrelsy," that his Song of "Staca an mharzad," which is published in that work, would alone rescue his memory from oblivion, and stamp on him the name of poet. There are also extant other pieces by him, which deserve no less praise, and will be published in this collection. His "Dialogue with David Cleary," a roving tailor, who it appears led a frolicsome life, discovers an intimate acquaintance with the history of his country, and abounds with elegant eulogies on Irish valour through many a hard-fought field. His "Lamentation of Eleanor Heffernan," a kinswoman, I knew to be equally admired, though I have not seen it ; and his song of "Seazán buíde," which I first introduce to the reader under the title of the "Lament of the Gael," will be recognised a composition of much poetical talent, being a reply to another of the same name which was rather popular with the opposite party in his time. In it he speaks with enthusiasm of the bards and heroes of antiquity, and inveighs against the Reformation and the "good Queen Bess" as the twin progeny of the same parent. Of his first essays there is one more popular than the rest—not for any intrinsic merit it possesses, but because it throws some light on the domestic circle of a man whose life is much less known than it deserves—I shall conclude these quotations with it :—

Seal a Զալցոյ ծամ, օշոր բալ a Տրոնալլ,  
 'S բալ a մեյլե Բրոնա a մ-Բայլե Լոնրաօլ;  
 Ծաղ ծո իմպեյր օշամ օծ Ծած ր Ռոնա,  
 'S ի Զալնիջաղ լեծ մար ծո մեյլիմ ի.

The father of Greek poetry travelled through different nations, and celebrated in his inspired rhapsodies the names of those who favoured him with their hospitality. Without wishing to institute any further comparison between an uneducated Bard and the Swan of Meonian verse, I shall only observe, that the subject of this short notice also led an itinerant life, though his excursions, far from comprehending kingdoms, seldom extended beyond a circle of a few miles. At one of those places frequented by him, the housekeeper was less liberal than others, and, anxious to make her unkindness known to her master, on some occasion that he was reading, he took an opportunity of asking what advantage he derived from the use of spectacles? To which the other made answer, that small things viewed through them were much increased. "Well," said the poet, "if they possess such virtue, I would feel obliged if you looked through them at this morsel, which is much in need of being increased."

More than a century has passed away since the death of Damer, as Dean Swift could write his epitaph:—

"Know all men by these presents, that Death the Tamer,  
 By mortgage has subdued the body of Damer," &c.

And perhaps it is a century and a half since his Court at Shronehill began to be built. Its history is a melancholy record of the vanity of ambition, and of the perishable nature of every thing human, however magnificent. About seventy years since, the work of dilapidation commenced—the whole structure was demolished to the ground, and its sculptured capitals and marble columns were sold for money. Nothing now remains for the contemplation of the traveller or antiquary, but a range of offices, which, though in ruins, attests the former splendor of the Court itself. The usurer's grave is shewn near the wall of the new-built Church, "without a stone, a name," and the colony, which accompanied him, have vanished, either by emigration, or intermarriage with the natives. Every thing that fired the poet's fancy, or roused his passions, or filled his heart with indignant scorn of the miser and his *alien* horde, has disappeared; but the peasant's fame, the smallest traits of his character, the most trivial incidents of his life, and those rich and exuberant strains of Celtic eloquence, which came with the force and copiousness of a torrent upon his enemies, are remembered and recited by the people as if they were the productions of yesterday.

## CWOIHEUD NA M-THUOIDEU.

William Dall, iŵ cān.

Fon—"Seáŋan bŵde."

Wo dānŵo zo n-éazāŵ na feapra-cōm aorŵa,  
 Bŵo azŵn zo ſēan-mān a b-fāil-črŵc;  
 Opaŋan na fēle nān meata cūm laočān,  
 Ŵn n-aŵm ba lēŵmeac a o-tpācō ſjor:  
 ba blarŵa ŋac bēapra dā o-tŷgead le h-ēſkeacō,  
 'S ba ŋreanāmān ſaočān ān b-fāiŷŵe;  
 ŋun mālapra 'n ſaoŋal aŵn ačānāc tŷēŷe,  
 'S nā cančān le h-aon neac, acō Seáŋan  
 bŵde!

Starŷāŷ na ŋŷēŷe, ŋibē cānŷjoc le h-ēſjocō,  
 'S neacōdāŷ na Sēapraŷ do b'ānŷ ŋŷm;  
 'S an ŋarŷad lēŷgeandā bŵo aŵn mācāŷne Sēan,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ŵn aŷme cūŷ ſaočān an ānŷaŷgeacō:

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Wo dānŵo zo n-éazāŵ na feapra-cōm aorŵa  
 My grief that perished the heroes aged  
 Bŵo azŵn zo ſēan-mān a b-fāil-črŵc  
 Was had us so prosperous in Fail country  
 Opaŋan na fēle nān meata cūm laočān  
 Dragons so hospitable not cowardly for - valour (slaughter)  
 Ŵn n-aŵm ba lēŵmeac a o-tpācō ſjor  
 Our arms so famous in story down  
 ba blarŵa ŋac bēapra dā o-tŷgead le h-ēſjocō  
 Was sweet each verse that came with effect

<sup>1</sup> Mācāŷne Sēan, *Plain of Senar*. Fenius Farsa, king of Scythia, being desirous of becoming skilled in the various languages that sprung before his time from the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, dispatched at his own expense seventy-two persons of learning to the several countries of the three parts of the world at that time inhabited, and commanded them to remain abroad for seven years, that each of them might learn the language of the country.

## SHANE BUI.\*

*Air—"Shane Bui."*

Alas for the records of ages afar,  
 The chiefs of our olden day's glory,  
 The shield of the stranger—the valiant in war—  
 The light of the *Seanachui's* story!  
 When billows of song  
 Pour'd their wild tide along,  
 And minstrels' gay lays might enthrall thee;  
 But our poets to-day  
 Have a new-fangled lay—  
 They rhyme to the measure of *Shane Bui*!  
 There's Greece and her glory, antiquity's star—  
 The Cæsars of history's pages—  
 The ancients that gather'd on far-fam'd Senaar,  
 Our guides through the gloom of past ages—

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ázur ba ġneanmáir raotair an bfaíjibe  
 And was mirthful labour of our bards  
 ġur malarca an raogal air atarao tneíte  
 Till bartered the world for different deeds  
 Ázur na canair le haon neac aco Seazán buíbe.  
 And not chaunted by any person but John Yellow.  
 Staircaib na ġneíge ġibe cáirneíoc le héiríocó  
 Stories of Greece who would chaunt with effect  
 Ázur neacdaib na Séarair do ba and ġnín  
 And laws of the Cæsars of high deeds  
 Ázur an ġararao léígeanda bíó air macáirne Séarair  
 And the multitude learned were on plain of Senar  
 An aicme euz raotair an airfaígeaó  
 The tribe gave labour in antiquity

On their return to Scythia at the expiration of the seven years, he went to the plain of Shenar, which, according to the book of *Dromneachta*, lies near the city of Athens, where all the youth of the neighbouring nations assembled to be instructed in the languages. VIDE KEATING'S IRELAND, p. 225; HALIDAY'S TRANS. *Dub.* 1811.

\* This Ballad seems to have been written in ridicule of the rhymers of that day, with whom the air of *Shane Bui*, was a favourite vehicle of verse.

Զայրջե ու քէյնէ Բիծ քալած յօ քէյմեւծ,  
 Մօ'ն լմեւած ալ Ելլէ իր Օւլի.<sup>2</sup>  
 'Տ լաճա լիր՝ եւծծած քալի քաղաճ քաղ  
 Ե-քաղալ,  
 Մի ալեւար լեծ 'ն մեծ իր յա Տեւաճան Բիծե !

Ան ճայրմայր շոք Բէյնէ՝ ծ Բրեւտայր—Ան  
 քաղ թլալի,  
 Օօ Բայրեւաջ ծ շրէյմեւծ ա լալի-ճիլի ;

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Զայրջե ու Բէյնէ Բիծ քալած յօ քէյմեւծ  
 Valour of the *Fenians* was awhile unbounded

Ու ալ լմեւած ալ Ելլէ իր Օւլի  
 Or the departure from Erin made *Dathi*

Այս քաճա լիր եւծծած քալի քաղաճ քաղ Ե-քաղալ  
 And children of Lir heroic found torment in the world

Մի ալեւար լեծ ալ մեծ իր յա Տեւաճան Բիծե.  
 Not joy to them all that without John Yellow.

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<sup>2</sup> Օւլի. *Dathi*. Monarch of Ireland, A.D. 398, and last of the Irish Pagan kings, was distinguished by the name of Dathi, to signify his wonderful activity. This prince received his death by a thunder-bolt, as he was pursuing his conquests in Gaul, whither he had carried his arms against the Romans with great success. He died at the foot of the Alps, after coming off victorious in one hundred and fifty battles. His army carried his body with them into Ireland, and interred it with great solemnity at Ռօլիշ ու Ռիօշ, in Cruaghan, after he had governed the island for twenty-three years.

It is said that his death was a judgment for having violated the cell and hermitage of Saint Firmin, the anchorite ; who, according to the book of *Leacan*, fol. 302, was a king, that having abdicated his crown, devoted himself to God in solitude, and passed the residue of his days in a turret, seventeen cubits high, at the foot of the Alps. O'FLAHERTY'S *OGYG.* VOL. II. p. 351.

<sup>3</sup> լաճա լիր, *Children of Lir*. The Legend of the children of Lir has been since time immemorial in high repute, as one of the "Three tragic stories of the Irish," or the "Three Sorrows of Story-telling." Their names were Աօծ, Բիօնջալա, Բիւնաճ, and



The Fenians' high sway,  
 And the proud palmy day,  
 When Rome fled affrighted from Daithi—  
 Lir's offspring of wo—  
 All forgotten I trow,  
 If sung not in numbers of *Shane Bui*!

The discord that brought Beney Briot to our shore—  
 The deeds of great Luigh the Long-handed,

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ան ձայրմայրս շնչ Բեյնե օ Երեւելայն աղբարկալս  
 The contention brought *Beine* from Britain the hero  
 Ծօ Եայրեւել օ շնչմեծ և Լայն-ձորին  
 Surnamed from might of his hand deeds

Coñ. It appears that at the birth of the two latter, who were twins, their mother *Ջոն* died; and their father *Հլր* was persuaded to marry her sister *Ջոթե*, who, in consequence of the father's affection towards the children, became so enraged, that she brought the four children to Lough Dearg, and sent them to bathe in the water, where she touched them with a magic wand by which they were immediately transformed into swans. By this spell she bound them to spend three hundred years on Lough Dearg,—three hundred years on the Irish channel,—and three hundred years on *Torruis Doimhnon*. On this subject we are favoured by some bard of the period with the following stanza:—

Շահա Հլր և չ-բոժայն ես,  
 Պալած ար աղ մ-բեւ ծօ Լաւ;  
 Կոն, Բիւրաւ, Բիւրաւ, 'ր Ջոն,  
 Այ ըն ծին աղ Ե-Եաթա Երաւ;

Children of Lir in shape of birds,  
 Curse upon the mouth that pronounced;  
 Conn, Fiachra, Fionola, and Aedh,  
 There for you is the second sorrow!

This lamentable tale is now preparing for the press with notes and translation by a gentleman well qualified for the task. It will be published uniform with the works of the *Irish Archaeological Society*.

<sup>4</sup> Բեյնե Երիտ. For the history of this chivalrous hero, see KEATING'S IRELAND, VOL. ii. pp. 263-4-5. Dub. 1841.

Cuinead Feargus dub-déideac<sup>5</sup> 'r a cáraib  
 cum éagá,  
 An tráic<sup>6</sup> geallad an éiric ó'n áird Rí:  
 Do caillead Turgesius<sup>6</sup> a d-Teamair na  
 d-tréin-éirí,  
 An tan meara<sup>6</sup> leir éirion<sup>6</sup> zac mna<sup>6</sup> díob,  
 'S geallaim<sup>6</sup> gan bhréig<sup>6</sup> dúit<sup>6</sup> nac<sup>6</sup> taitneam<sup>6</sup> leó  
 'n méid<sup>6</sup> rín,  
 Gan maca<sup>6</sup>inead<sup>6</sup> éirion<sup>6</sup> air<sup>6</sup> seágan<sup>6</sup> bhré !

Zac<sup>6</sup> ar<sup>6</sup> leagadair<sup>6</sup> laoc<sup>6</sup>na<sup>6</sup> a d-Cluan-tairib<sup>6</sup>  
 na m-béimion<sup>6</sup>,  
 An<sup>6</sup> airde<sup>6</sup> le<sup>6</sup> 'n<sup>6</sup> raor<sup>6</sup>na<sup>6</sup> ó<sup>6</sup> cáin<sup>6</sup> rín;  
 'S<sup>6</sup> ar<sup>6</sup> caillead<sup>6</sup> 'na<sup>6</sup> déig<sup>6</sup> rín<sup>6</sup> do<sup>6</sup> dearg<sup>6</sup> na  
 bhré,<sup>6</sup>  
 Do<sup>6</sup> cair<sup>6</sup>oioi<sup>6</sup> ó'n<sup>6</sup> m-bhréirne<sup>6</sup> le<sup>6</sup> mac<sup>6</sup> W<sup>6</sup>aoil.

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Cuinead Feargus dubdéideac<sup>5</sup> agus a cáraib cum éagá  
 Sent *Fergus black-toothed* and his friends to perish  
 An tráic<sup>6</sup> geallad an éiric o an áird rí  
 When promised the reward from the high king  
 Do caillead Turgesius a d-Teamair na dtréin éirí  
 Was lost *Turgesius* in *Temor* of the valiant men  
 An tan meara<sup>6</sup> leir éirion<sup>6</sup> zac mna<sup>6</sup> díob  
 When supposed by him ravish each maid of them  
 Agus geallaim<sup>6</sup> gan bhréig<sup>6</sup> dúit<sup>6</sup> nac<sup>6</sup> taitneam<sup>6</sup> leó  
 And I promise without lie to you not joyful to them  
 an méid<sup>6</sup> rín  
 all that

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<sup>5</sup> Feargus Dubdéideac. *Fergus Black-toothed*. For the fate of the Ferguses at the battle of C<sup>6</sup>riona, where they fell by the hand of Lu<sup>6</sup>gaib<sup>6</sup> Lámpada, see KEATING, Vol. ii. pp. 268-69-70.

<sup>6</sup> Turgesius. Turgesius, the Danish tyrant who usurped the sovereignty of Ireland, A.D. 866; and who inflicted the most excessive cruelties on the Irish people. After reducing the country to the lowest state of vassalage, by rapine, plunder, and the sword, this monster in human shape met an untimely death at the hands of Maolseachlain, king of Meath, on whose daughter he cast an

When Black-toothed Fergus lay bathed in gore—  
 That *Eric* the monarch demanded !  
 When heaps of his slain  
 Taught Turgesius, the Dane,  
 How fatal the wrath of the *Ard-Righ*—  
 Go weave no sweet lay  
 Of green Erin's proud day,  
 Or measure your numbers to *Shane Bui* !

If heroes that perish'd at Clontarf of fame,  
 To gain their lov'd country's salvation—  
 Or her who left Breifny to anguish and shame,  
 For Dermot the curse of his nation—

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Յան դապալեաճծ թէլն Վիր Տեաշան Բուժե.  
 Without rhyming some on John Yellow.  
 Յաճ ար լեաշաճար լաճրած Վ ՅԼուսդարն դա մեյմիօն  
 All that laid low heroes in Clontarf of the blows  
 Ան ՎրԵ լե ար դաճրած Ծ ճալն ըն  
 The feat by which freed from tribute us  
 Այս ար Կալլեած յոնա ծէլ ըն Ծ ծարձա դա Բէլե  
 And all were lost after that on account of the maiden  
 Ծ ճալրԾոլ ծո մԻնէրն լե մաճ Պաօլ  
 Did wander from *Breifny* with son of *Maol*

---

evil eye at a very advanced period of his life. The particulars are related fully at pp. 99 to 108, of the second volume of Keating's Ireland. *Dub.* 1841.

<sup>7</sup> The poet alludes to the celebrated battle of Clontarf, where the heroic Brian Boromhe put an end to Danish tyranny.

<sup>8</sup> ԾարԾօրշալ, wife of Շէշարդան ա Ռալր, king of Breifny, who eloped with Օլարմար մաճ Պարճաճ, king of Leinster, while her husband was on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, who, when he returned, and understood that she was taken by force of arms, determined to be revenged on the king of Leinster. This event, which is fully related at p. 196, &c. vol. ii. of Keating, first occasioned the arrival of the English in this country, and to it we are indebted for all the slavery we have endured for upwards of seven centuries.

Ellyrabēta 'r a h-ŹēaŹi ʒur řēanabari,  
 ŹiřřioŹ Őē ōil, mo ēřāō cřiořōe !  
 'S clan Őliřēřar,<sup>9</sup> do ēřearʒaŹi āri ʒ-clēřie,  
 Źi'l mařēar āb řʒēalta ʒan řēāʒan bŹiōe !

Źā'ř oŹiřřōeāō ōēanta ēu ānar ʒāō āon  
 t-řult,  
 Źō řacariēāō ōřēāōba ʒo řāři-bŹiŹ ;  
 Őo cārřařēari le řēřōliŹ cōřř leara, Źō  
 aŹi ēāōb cřiořc,  
 Źō aŹi řācariē, āʒ tēariŹaŹi mař 'tāŹiřō :  
 Źi'l beanaōāō Őē 'ca, Źā řřēarʒřāō a Ź-ēi-  
 řēāō,  
 Źā āřřiř aŹi řēariřar, an řānarʒe,  
 Źōō řřaliřāō Źa Ź-Őēřē řāō cŹiōeāōba an  
 tē řiŹ,  
 Źāō řřřēarʒřāō řāō ēřʒiŹ aŹi řēāʒan bŹiōe !

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INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ellyrabeta āʒur a h-ŹēaŹi ʒur řēanabari  
 Elizabeth and her father did renounce  
 ŹiřřioŹ Őē ōil mo ēřāō cřiořōe  
 Mass of God pure my torment heart  
 Źur clan Őliřēřar do ēřearʒaŹi āri ʒ-clēřie  
 And clan Oliver's did slay our clergy  
 Źi břuřl mařēar āb řʒēalta ʒan řēāʒan bŹiōe.  
 Not is use in thy tales without John Yellow.

---

<sup>9</sup> Őliřēřar. *Oliver Cromwell*. We need not refer to the pages of history for the cruelties of this sanguinary fanatic, as our Churches, our Abbeys and Monasteries, sufficiently shew the marks of his sacrilegious hands. The eastern window of the Cathedral of St. Canice, Kilkenny, contained the history of Christ from his birth to his Ascension, in emblems of beautifully stained glass, for which Rinuccini, the Pope's Nuncio, when he attended the meeting of the confederate Catholics, offered £700 ; but neither the plenitude of the power with which he was invested, nor the distresses of the times, could prevail on the prelate, David Roth, or the Chapter, to comply with his wishes : this beautiful specimen of ancient art remained standing until shattered by the usurper and his vile soldiery. LEDWICH'S ANTIQUITIES, p. 388.

If Henry the king,  
 Or Eliza you sing—  
 Who levell'd our altars, *ma chra cree!*  
 Or Cromwell, whose horde  
 Gave our priests to the sword—  
 You'll tune them to numbers of *Shane Bui!*

Do strains from your harp through the heaving heart thrill?  
 Or are you a pastoral chimer?—  
 When clodpoles approach you by valley or hill,  
 When wand'ring as wanders your rhymmer—  
 Untaught ev'n to say  
 Heav'n prosper your way—  
 Or, may Charles our monarch again be!  
 They'll aver by their God,  
 You're the soul of a clod,  
 If you sing not the measure of *Shane Bui!*

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Mar oirfeideac deanta tu canar zac aon tualt  
 If melodious made you to chaunt each one pleasure

No macaimead bneadba go raibibh  
 Or low rhyming verses so sweetly

Do carraigeir le Feilim coir leara no ari taobh choic  
 To meet with Phelim foot rath or on side hill

No ari macaime az tearnam mar ataimib  
 Or on a plain sojourning as we are

Ni bfuil beanaad De aca na freazpad a neifead  
 Not is blessing of God have they or reply in effect

Na aierir ari Seairar an fanaize  
 Or mention of Charles the wanderer (exile)

Acd rpalpad na ndeice nac cuideadba an te rin  
 But swearing the deities not companion is him

Nac rpreazpad pad eizir ari Seaan buide.  
 Not prompt something on John Yellow.

'bē M-ĒJN̄M̄ J.

Ulliam Dall, mō ćan.

Ƒoñ—"Ĝibē n-ĒJN̄ J."

U n-ĝleann-ćajb Ƒejm̄ na h-ĒJĝre ħjm,  
 U ħƑann-ćajƑ Ƒejm̄, a n-ĝejb' ĝac laoi;  
 U n-ćreanĝ-bean ĝlē, ba bēaƑac ĝnaoi,  
 Do Ƒĝannm̄ad mē, 'bē n-ĒJN̄ J!  
 'bē n-ĒJN̄ J! 'bē n-ĒJN̄ J!

M̄j ćm̄ac̄da mē aƑi ćejle M̄aoiƑ,  
 ĤuĝaƑi na n-ĝaoidēal aƑi d-ćēac̄d don ćm̄aoidb,  
 'M̄a' n ħab d' n n-ĝm̄ejĝ do ćēaƑ an Ĥm̄aoi,  
 le ĝm̄ad mo ćlējb, 'bē n-ĒJN̄ J!  
 'bē n-ĒJN̄ J! Ƒc.

'S ħm̄eāĝa, deaƑ, dƑejm̄m̄eac̄, m̄ejĝ, a blaoi,  
 Ĝo ħaƑm̄ an Ƒejm̄ na Ƒlaod' aƑi ħjĝ;<sup>1</sup>  
 U ćlāć-Ƒolt m̄ejĝ, do dēalm̄ad an Ƒljoj,  
 UƑi ĝm̄ad mo ćlējb, 'bē n-ĒJN̄ J!  
 'bē n-ĒJN̄ J! Ƒc.

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

U nĝleannćajb Ƒejm̄ na hējĝre ħjm  
 In valleys mild of the bards I be  
 U ħƑannćajƑ Ƒejm̄ a nĝejbjoñ ĝac laoi  
 In a swoon painful in fetters each day  
 U n-ćreanĝbean ĝlē ba bēaƑac ĝnaoi  
 The slender maid pure so discreet visage  
 Do Ƒĝannm̄ad mē ĝibē n-ĒJN̄ J.  
 Did alarm me whoe'er in Erin is she.  
 M̄j ćm̄ac̄da mē aƑi ćejle M̄aoiƑ  
 Not mention I the spouse of Naisi

<sup>1</sup> ħjĝ, *rain, dew*. I have had two versions of this song before me, in which I find the word ħjĝ (which I do not understand) substituted for that which I introduce as the original. The poet, when speaking of the beauty and excellence of her hair, evidently means that it swept the dew off the grass.

## 'bÉ N-EJRN J.

IN Druid vale alone I lay,  
 Oppress'd with care, to weep the day—  
 My death I owed one sylph-like she,  
 Of witchery rare, 'bÉ n-EJRN J!  
 'bÉ n-EJRN J!

The spouse of Naisi, Erin's wo—  
 The dame that laid proud Ilium low—  
 Their charms would fade, their fame would flee,  
 Match'd with my fair, 'bÉ n-EJRN J!  
 'bÉ n-EJRN J!

Behold her tresses unconfin'd,  
 In wanton ringlets woo the wind,  
 Or sweep the sparkling dew-drops free,  
 My heart's dear maid, 'bÉ n-EJRN J!  
 'bÉ n-EJRN J!

## INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Čuž      aμ      na nČaobal aμn dteacđ don Čpaoiđ  
 Brought destruction the    Gael    on coming to the Branch

Jonā an bāb ōn nČpējz do čēar an Čpaoi  
 Or the babe from Greece did torment the Troy

Le žnađ mo člējđ žjibē n-ČJRN J.  
 With love of my bosom whoever in Erin is she.

Žr bpeaža dear dpejμpeac pējz a dlaoi  
 Beautiful neat    plaited    free her locks

Žo bāμ an řējμ na řlaoba aμn bīž  
 To    top    the grass in ringlets on dew

Ž    clac řolt pējz do deaμnađ an řljor  
 Her tender locks free that excelled the fleece

Žμ žnađ mo člējđ žjibē n-ČJRN J.  
 On love of my bosom whoever in Erin is she.

'S cármair, taobac, deupac, bñóim !  
 Do cráiste, créimeac, ceurda o mhaol !  
 Fágnac, faon, gan céill ari baolr !  
 Le gnáð don bñé, 'bé n-Éirinn í !  
                   'bé n-Éirinn í ! 7c.

Uiri neóin nuairi céigim ari taob rúge Fíñ,<sup>2</sup>  
 Fa bñón a gcéim 'r gan aon dam bñóin !  
 Cía feólkad aon Mac Dé am lñon  
 Uíob ríóir mo cléib, 'bé n-Éirinn í !  
                   'bé n-Éirinn í ! 7c.

~~~~~

UILLIÚGÚT AM UOIBHÍS.

Uilliam Dall, nó éan.

Foñ—"Wallage Deag O !"

Uiri bñuac na Coille-móine,<sup>3</sup> faol cñuad-bñu-  
 taib bñóin !  
 Do feólad gné am cluayad, ba ruairce lñom  
 fá dó,

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Ar cármair taobac deupac bñóim  
 'Tis mournful fierce tearful I do be  
 Do cráiste créimeac ceurda o mhaol  
   Painful wounded tortured from woman  
 Fágnac faon gan céill ari baolr  
 Wanderer feeble without sense afflicted  
 Le gnáð do an bñé zibé n-Éirinn í.  
 With love to the maid whoever in Erin is she.  
 Uiri neóin nuairi céigim ari taob rúge Fíñ  
 At noon when I go on side seat Fíonn's

<sup>2</sup> Sxúge Fíñ. *The resting place, or watch-tower of Fíonn, who being a man of the chase, selected those hills which appeared to him best calculated to afford a fair prospect of the surrounding country. Hence, the numerous hills known by that name throughout Ireland, particularly in Munster.*

<sup>3</sup> Cóill mhór, *a great wood, evidently refers to the wood of*



Fierce passions' slave, from hope exil'd,  
 Weak, wounded, weary, woful, wild—  
 Some magic spell she wove for me,  
 That peerless maid, 'be n-Éirí n̄ í !  
 'be n-Éirí n̄ í !

But O ! one noon I clomh a hill,  
 To sigh alone—to weep my fill,  
 And there Heaven's mercy brought to me  
 My treasure rare, 'bé n-Éirí n̄ í !  
 'bé n-Éirí n̄ í !



### THE VOICE OF JOY.

*Air—"Molly beag O !"*

By Kilmore's woody highland,  
 Wand'ring dark and drear,  
 A voice of joy came o'er me,  
 More holy to mine ear,

---

### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Fa bñón a gcéir a gúir gan aon da mo bñón  
 Under grief afar and without one of my tribe  
 Cía féoldrad aon Mac Dá am líon  
 Who would steer only Son of God in my net (way)  
 Aód rcór mo cléib zibé n-Éirí n̄ í.  
 But treasure my bosom whoever in Erin is she.

Air bñuac na Coillemhóire faoi éruad brataib bñón  
 On bounds the of wood great under hard veils of sorrow  
 Do féoldrad gúir am cluairad ba fuairce líom fa do  
 Did steer voice in my ears more delightful with me twice

---

Aherlow, which extends from Galbally to Bansha. It is not more than two miles from Shronehill to the South, and fronting the Galtee-more, and the magnificent chain of mountains from Mitchelstown to Clogheen, presents a scene most beautiful and picturesque. It was in the seclusion of this immense wood that the

Má ceól na cruíte' a ruaimín,  
 'S ná zlóir na lon ra n-uaignear ;  
 Do b'é ceól ba bñe ari cuairib liom, dá z-cu-  
 alab don t-róir.

'Má'n ceól do tuzaró ruairg-éirí, éarí móir-mñir  
 ó'n Róirí,  
 'Má'n rróir do déiríó zruairgáic, a zcuairí-  
 lír ari rluairg.  
 'Má'n zéoir do léiríó Cuairíab,  
 Zo nuab éoir Cúille a mbuairé cnoic ;  
 'S zác bñíó zup éirí mo éuairíó díom, muna  
 mbeab Wallairg beaz O !

Sairé beac do luairg líñ, ari éuairírg a  
 éiríóir,  
 An róiríar do beab zo buairíéa, 'r zan ru-  
 aircéar airg Seóir ?<sup>4</sup>

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Na ceól na cruíte a ruaimín  
 Than music of the harp so tuneful

Azur ná zlóir na lon ra n-uaignear  
 And the lays of the blackbirds in the wilderness

Do ba e ceól ba bñe ari cuairib liom dá zcuairíab  
 'Twas the music most melodious on visit with me that I heard  
 don t-róir.  
 of the sort.

---

learned Doctor Keating wrote his History of Ireland more than two centuries back; and no doubt, our poet sought refuge in its silent shade when composing the present song, in which he foretels that the career of the tyrant Damer would not long survive; and neither did it: for in a few short years after, the tyrant died, leaving the immense wealth which he accumulated by fraud and usury, to scatter and waste away like chaff thrown before the four winds; or to use an Irish phrase, " *Maí léazair érbairí na h-abán,*" literally, "as the melting of the froth of the river."

<sup>4</sup> John Damer, Esq. the celebrated usurer.

Than wild harp's breathings dreamy,  
 Or blackbird's warbling streamy ;  
 No seraph choir could frame me,  
 Such soft music dear !

More sweet than anthems holy,  
 Brought seaward from Rome,  
 Than spells by wizards spoken  
 O'er stolen maidens' doom,  
 Or cuckoo's song inspiring,  
 Where woods green hills environ—  
 Save love for one fair siren,  
 It banish'd my gloom.

The golden bees were ranging  
 The air for a chief,—  
 'Twas freedom's trumpet woken,  
 And dark tyrants' grief.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Na an ceól do tuzad ruazfēr tar mōr-muſr ōn Rōm  
 Or the music brought by sages over lofty ocean from Rome  
 Na an rpōrt do dēnib žruazajcc a žcruajb lir air ſluaz  
 Or the sport made by wizards in firm raths on hosts

Na an žedon do lēſib cuacāb  
 Or the shout that fall from cuckoos

Žo ruab cōſr cōlle a mbruac cnoſc  
 Early by a wood on border of hill

Žur žac brōn žur cōſr mo cūajrb dſom muſa mbeab  
 And each sorrow did put my visit of me were it not for

Mallajē beaz O  
 Molly little O

Šajce beac do luabaz lſu air cūajrſr a dſrēdōn  
 Swarm of bees approached us in search of their chief

Žn fōžmar do beab žo buabartā žur žan ruajlcear  
 The harvest will be calamitous and without joy

aſe Seōn  
 to John

Seóirre éar lear dá ruagad,  
 'S an cōir do bīoc go buacac;  
 Gan ór ná bailte ari buan dōib, 'r nī tpuag  
 liom a mbrōn.

U Spónaill dá mberōn rīnte faoi cīruab-  
 leac a gcōimead,  
 'S an rgeal ro clor mar cūalab, go ruanmār  
 ari reōl;  
 le fōirra 'r neart mo guasle,  
 U n fōb go gcaicēin ruar dōim;  
 'S me teacō éar m'ar go luaimneac faoi  
 cuaim an rgeōl.

~~~~~

UILLIAM OALL AGUS AM TAILLIUR<sup>1</sup>  
 Fonn—"buacail na m-bō ra gīmlet."

U n Tāilīr.  
 'S dyne me fīubalab a lán,  
 faoi cīruab atāim o ruagad me;

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Seóirre éar lear dá ruagad  
 George afar expelled  
 Agur an cōir do bīoc go buacac  
 And the tribe who were exalted  
 Gan ór ná bailte ari buan dōib agur nī tpuag  
 Without gold or townlands lasting to them and not pitied  
 liom a mbrōn.  
 with me their sorrow.  
 U Spónaill dá mberōn rīnte faoi cīruab leac a gcōimead  
 In Shronehill if I were stretched under a hard flag at rest  
 Agur an rgeal ro clor mar cūalab go ruanmār ari reōl  
 And the tale this to hear as heard so pleasantly afloat.

<sup>1</sup> The hero of this humoursome little melody is a David Cleary, an eccentric knight of the Thimble, who wasted his earnings among the fair sex till far advanced in life, when finding his expectations fail, introduced himself to Uilliam Oall, who composed the song extempore.

And George, a homeless ranger,—  
His tribe, the faithless stranger,  
Far banish'd—and their danger,  
My glad heart's relief!

If o'er me lay at Shronehill\*  
The hard flag of doom,  
And came that sound of sweetness  
To cheer the cold gloom—  
Death's darksome bondage broken,  
My dull, deaf ear had woken,  
And at the spell-word spoken,  
I'd burst from the tomb!

~~~~~

### THE BARD AND THE TAILOR.<sup>1</sup>

*Air—"Buachail na mbo gus a yimlet."*

#### THE TAILOR.

I've rambled full many a mile,  
And misery ever pursuing me,

#### INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Le fòrra a'gus neart mo shuaille  
By force and strength of my shoulders

An fòb go scaicfein ruar dìom  
The sod I would toss up of me

A'gus me ceàc'b ear mo a'ir go luaimheac faoi eua'irm  
And I coming back so swiftly in expectation

an r'zeòil.  
of the tale.

Ar duine me f'ubalaò a lan  
A person I am travelled afar

Faoi c'ro'raib a'caim o ruzaò me  
Under crosses I am from birth me

\* Shronehill, a parish three miles west of Tipperary and the place of William Dall's nativity; in this district stood Damer's Court, erected by John Damer, Esq. more than a century ago. This magnificent mansion was taken down in 1776. The property now belongs to the Earl of Portarlington.

<sup>1</sup> The introduction of the tailor and his amorous woes on this occasion, seems to have been done to furnish a vehicle for the display

Sjor leijon mo cūmajn le mnāš,  
 Sur ʒoneabar bāne 'r rēce oim !

Ulliam Dall.

Cā'r b'iongnad duine de'd cāl,  
 Do čuɾɿm a lār na h-aindeire ;  
 Trē mēš do ʒioɾaɿ le mnāš,  
 'S Solam<sup>2</sup> meic Dāšj sur meallabar !  
 Tapraing ʒo caom an rgeol,  
 U čapad bʒo ʒ-clōd na reanačad ;  
 'S reāri mar ʒnjoim 'nā 'n t-ol,  
 Seacain ʒo ded na ʒalari rin ?

Keuc-ra ! Samron<sup>3</sup> ba ʒiošde,  
 Do leaɾad ran m-briɾin na ʒilurɿnɿ ;  
 le mēš a čaɾɿnɿm do mnaoɿ,  
 Sur b'aindɿr an t-rljge 'nar imčjg rē !  
 Tapraing ʒo caom an rgeol, ɿc.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Sjor leijon mo cūmajn le mnaš  
 Oft revealing my affection to women  
 Sur ʒoneabar bāne aɾur rēcēš oim  
 Till they won a goal and twenty on me  
 Ca ar ba iongnad duine de ad cāl  
 What wonder a man of thy fame  
 Do čuɾɿm a lār na haindeire  
 To fall in the depth of misery

---

of the poet's learning. This was a vanity quite common at that period, with men of the highest literary attainments; and it is no matter of surprise that our blind wanderer would follow their example. In this rapid sketch of female perversity, he displays a considerable knowledge of heathen mythology, and sacred and profane history. To prove that Heffernan was a greatly gifted man, we have only to refer the reader to the songs preceding this poem, particularly to "bē n-Ēlriš j," and the "Voice of Joy," which contain passages of exquisite sweetness and beauty.

<sup>2</sup> See the First Book of Kings.

<sup>3</sup> Book of Judges, chapter xvi.

Yet still my chief curse was the guile  
Of woman, in treachery wooing me!

WILLIAM DALL.

What matters to tailoring youth,  
A shot from their wily battery,  
And Solomon wisest, in sooth,  
Beguiled by sly, female flattery.

CHORUS.\*

When writing a stanza divine,  
Have wisdom and learning inspiring you—  
And shun the false fiend of red wine,  
Lest misery ever environ you!

See Samson, the strong man of old,  
Who slaughter'd the Philistine foeman,  
How sad is his fate to unfold,  
He died by the wiles of a woman!

When writing a stanza divine, &c.

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Երբ մեյժ Եւ չլիօշայր Լե միայն  
Through all thy flattery with women

Այսր Տոլան մեյժ Դաւիթ շար մեալլաճար  
And Solomon son of David that they deceived

Եարալոյն յօ շաօրն աղ ըշօղ  
Draw smoothly the tale

Ա շարաճ Եյժ շղծծ աղ ըշառաճաճ  
Friend be in appearance of the sages

Ար ըշարար մար չնյօրն յօղա աղ շղ  
Tis better as deed than the drinking

Տեաճալոյն յօ Եւժ աղ շալայր ըրն  
Forsake for ever the evils these

Դեաճրա Տամրոն Եւ չնժիճ  
Behold Samson the mighty

Օղ Լեաշաճ ըրն մԵրալլայն աղ ըլիլլարար  
That fell in the fight the Philistines

Լե մեյժ ա շալլարարն Եւ միաճոյ  
By excess his admiration to woman

Շար Եւ աղնժար աղ ըրլիջե յօղար յմէլլ ը.  
That miserable the way did depart he.

\* This chorus has no immediate connexion with the poem, and it seems to be the burden of some ancient song which has been lost. However it deserves to be retained here, if it were only to show how our moralists of old could anticipate the teaching of Father Mathew!

Feuc-ya ! hepculer ljonhta,  
 An leanh ba ghoirde ag Jupiter ;  
 The mhed a cumajh le mhaol,  
 Do rinead riad rphior ran teme de !  
 Tarrmajh go caoin an rgeol, 7c.

Mari leghir ari cacaari na Tmaol,  
 Bi ag aicme na g-craoirreac g-cumayac,  
 The Helen greanahar, ghin,  
 Sur casllead na milte 'r tyillead aca !  
 Tarrmajh go caoin an rgeol, 7c.

Feuc-ya ! an leanh, mac Tetir,  
 Aiciller, gneagac, iomarcac,  
 The mhed a cumajh le bheir,  
 Sur mheir ari caob na tsubayrde !  
 Tarrmajh go caoin an rgeol, 7c.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Feucya hepculer ljonhta  
 Behold Hercules polished  
 An leanh ba ghoirde ag Jupiter  
 The child most mighty had Jupiter  
 The mhed a cumajh le mhaol  
 Through excess his affection to woman  
 Do rinead riad rphior ran teme de.  
 Did make they embers in the fire of him.  
 Mari leghir ari cacaari na Tmaol  
 Have you not read of the city of Troy  
 Bi ag aicme na g-craoirreac g-cumayac  
 Had the tribe the spears powerful  
 The Helen greanahar ghin  
 Through Helen loving pleasant (elegant)  
 Sur casllead na milte agur tyillead aca.  
 That perished the thousands and more of them.  
 Feucya an leanh mac Tetir  
 Behold the child son of Thetis  
 Aiciller gneagac iomarcac  
 Achilles Grecian arrogant



See Hercules,<sup>4</sup> Jupiter's son,  
 His fall every reader remembers—  
 Dejanira soon left him undone,  
 When roasting his carcass to embers!  
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

You've listen'd to stories of Troy,  
 Its heroes and proud pavilions once,  
 How Helen,<sup>5</sup> the giver of joy,  
 Gave death to its mighty millions once.  
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

You've heard of great Achilles' fame,  
 As you have abroad been travelling.  
 And how fair Polyxena<sup>6</sup> came  
 And guided young Paris' javelin.  
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Երբ մեյր ձ շմայլ լե եթէ  
 Through excess his affection with maid

Շըր յմէջք ձր շոօն դա շխմայրծե  
 Did go on side the misfortune

---

<sup>4</sup> When Dejanira found that Hercules had forsaken her for the love of another, she sent him the fatal shirt which, the Centaur Nessus had assured her, possessed the power of restoring his former love. The poison of the Hydra of Lerna, with which this garment was impregnated, soon pierced the marrow of his bones. In his torture, the hero raised his own funeral pile, and burned himself upon mount Oeta in Thessaly.

<sup>5</sup> Helena, the daughter of Jupiter and Leda, the most beautiful woman of her time, eloped from her husband, Menelaus, king of Sparta, with Paris the son of the king of Troy. This act of female frailty occasioned a ten years' war which ended in the destruction of that most famous city. It however produced the Iliad of Homer.

<sup>6</sup> Polyxena was the daughter of king Priam. Achilles, the scourge of Troy, and the slayer of Hector, became enamoured of her beauty, and claimed her in marriage. During the ceremony in the temple of Apollo, he was treacherously slain by Paris. Polyxena was afterwards sacrificed on the tomb of the hero.

Feuc-ra! Aicteon gnoide,  
 O'imtíḡ faoi'n ḡ-cóill 'na beaḡapoc;  
 Tre clearaib Ḳiana, na raíḡead,  
 Sur ípac ríad a ḡadair na ḡreamaḡ é!  
 Tarraimḡ ḡo caoin an rḡeól, 7c.

Feuc-ra! claḡ Uisneac, náir rḡrjoc,  
 A oimtíḡ le mḡaoi ḡo h-Aibain;  
 Tre éḡḡion clearaib an Ríḡ,  
 Sur caíllead le dḡaoiḡeacḡ a ḡ-Éamairḡ iad!  
 Tarraimḡ ḡo caoin an rḡeól, 7c.

Conḡraoi neairḡmar mḡeic Dáirne,  
 A ḡ-dḡéce Uí Deaḡa, ba éalma;  
 Pḡir ḡjoi cḡreacḡ iona láir,  
 Sur éḡḡ rḡ bláḡnaḡ o Aibain!  
 Tarraimḡ ḡo caoin an rḡeól, 7c.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Feucra Aicteon gnoide  
 Behold Acteon valiant

Oo imtíḡ faoi an ḡcoill na beaḡapoc  
 That went under (to) the wood as a stag (horned buck)

Tre clearaib Ḳiana na raíḡead  
 Through intrigues of Diana of the arrows

Sur ípac ríad a ḡadair iona ḡreamaḡ é  
 Did tear they his dogs into bits him

Feucra claḡ Uisneac náir rḡrjoc  
 Behold children of Uisneach not surrendered

A oimtíḡ le mḡaoi ḡo h-Aibain  
 That went with woman to Alba

Tre éḡḡion clearaib an Ríḡ  
 Through wise intrigues of the king

Sur caíllead le dḡaoiḡeacḡ a ḡ-Éamairḡ iad.  
 Did perish by witchcraft in Emania them.

Conḡraoi neairḡmar mḡeic Dáirne  
 Conroy powerful son of Dairy

A ḡdḡéce Uí Deaḡa ba éalmaḡ  
 In the country of O Deagha so valiant

How Actæon<sup>7</sup> died a wild deer,  
 When Dian with antlers adorned him ;  
 Some whisper 'twas meant for your ear,  
 To prove 'twas in wedlock she horn'd him !  
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

You've oft heard a Senachui sing  
 Of Deirdre<sup>8</sup> the sorrowful story—  
 How for her great Connor, the king,  
 Left Ullad's three champions gory.  
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

See Conroy,<sup>9</sup> the chief of his clan,  
 The highway of glory pursuing,  
 Never met with his match in a man,  
 Till Blanit consigned him to ruin !  
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Páip njon cyrhead jona lap  
 Treachery not sent in his middle (heart)  
 Sur tug ré blacnaib o Albaip.  
 Till brought he Blahnaid from Alba.

---

<sup>7</sup> Actæon, the son of Aristæus, turned into a stag, and devoured by his own dogs, for accidentally seeing Diana naked, as she bathed in a fountain.

<sup>8</sup> Deirdre was a beautiful young lady, who was, from the period of her birth, kept confined by Connor, king of Ulster, in a fortified tower, because a Druid foretold that she would cause great disturbances in the kingdom. When Deirdre had arrived at womanhood, Naois, a young gentleman of Connor's court, and one of the sons of Uisneagh, aided by his two brothers, found means to bear off the beautiful captive to Scotland. The king of that country received the fugitives with great honour, till smitten by the fatal charms of the lady, he formed a plan to take away the life of her lover. The sons of Uisneach were forced to flee, and Connor learning their distress, by promises of pardon allured them over to Ireland, where the three brothers were treacherously murdered by his order. For this act of perfidy, Connor, abandoned by his own nobles, saw Ulster ravaged from shore to shore, and bathed with the blood of its bravest warriors.

<sup>9</sup> For the story of Conroy, or Cuirigh mac Daíne, see page 35 of this work, or Keating's Ireland, vol. i. page 405, Haliday's translation.

Feuc-ya ! Tailc meic Tneom,  
 Tuz turar zan zō zo banba ;  
 Tre Niam, na n-blaoiḡ-folt car n-ōir,  
 Sur caillead ran n-gleo le h-Orgur e !  
 Tarrainḡ zo caoin an rgeōl, 7c.

Feuc-ya ! Fion mac Cúmaíl,  
 Ceap coranta 'r clú na banba ;  
 An t'eud n-uair bhordais a púir,  
 Sur maírb an fear Cúil do b'fearra aize !  
 Tarrainḡ zo caoin an rgeōl, 7c.

Thó' léioimeac fearaib na n-ḡaoidéal,  
 Tmucaō na Míde nion ḡlanadar ;  
 Turḡéruir bho aca 'na Ríḡ,  
 Sur caillead le h-inḡion Maolreacáin ?  
 Tarrainḡ zo caoin an rgeōl, 7c.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Feucra Tailc meic Tneom  
 Behold Tailc son of the mighty  
 Tuz turar zan zō zo banba  
 Gave journey without doubt to Banba  
 Tre Niam na n-blaoiḡ-folt car n-ōir  
 Through Niamh of the hair locks twisted golden  
 Sur caillead ran n-gleo le h-Orgur e.  
 That slain in the fight with Osgar him.

Feucra Fion Mac Cúmaíl  
 Behold Fion Mac Cumhail  
 Ceap coranta azur clú na banba  
 Bulwark protective and fame of Banba  
 An teud uair bhordais a púir  
 The jealousy when hastened his wrath  
 Sur maírb an fear Cúil do ba fearra aize  
 Did slay the man behind that best he had

Thó' léioimeac fearaib na n-ḡaoidéal  
 Tho' victorious men of the Gael  
 Tmucaō na Míde nion ḡlanadar  
 Territory of Meath not cleared they

See the powerful Talc-mac-Treon<sup>10</sup>  
 Allur'd by Nea-Nua's tresses,  
 Beneath Oscar's battle-axe prone,  
 Died cursing sly Cupid's gesses !  
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

There's Fionn Mac-Cool<sup>11</sup> the boast  
 Of Erin's ancient chivalry,  
 Destroy'd the best man of his host  
 Through jealousy, green-ey'd devilry !  
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

There are the warriors of Meath  
 Submitting to rapine and slaughter,  
 Till Turgesius<sup>12</sup> met with his death,  
 For love of king Malachy's daughter !  
 When writing a stanza divine, &c.

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

Turgesius b'is aca na Rí  
 Turgesius had they as a King  
 Tur cailleas le híníon Maolreacáin  
 Till perished by daughter of Malachy

---

<sup>10</sup> The story of Talc-mac-Treon is already told at page 44 of this work.

<sup>11</sup> Fion-mac-Cumhail, the general of the Irish soldiery in the reign of Cormac, monarch of Ireland, to whose daughter, the princess Graine, he was married. Graine forsook her husband Fion for love of Diarmid O Duibhne, whom the injured Fion afterwards slew.

<sup>12</sup> The people of Ireland suffered the most galling oppression about the middle of the ninth century, from Turgesius the Norwegian. After many bloody engagements, the Irish in despair resigned the struggle, and yielded to the swarms of fierce barbarians. At length, Malachy, the king of Meath, fired with the insulting proposal sent by Turgesius, demanding the princess of Meath as his mistress, contrived to introduce by stratagem fifteen beardless youths disguised as females into the castle of the tyrant. This gallant band, having slain the chief officers, opened the gates to Malachy, who, with a chosen body of men, put the garrison to the sword. Animated by this event, the Irish rose upon their enslavers, and cut them off in every part of the kingdom. After this great deliverance, Turgesius, who was reserved for the hand of the executioner, was publicly drowned in Lough Annin.

le Murrúad n-uair léigeadar Mórí,\*  
 Sgeul curraingead bórdh do Banba;  
 Cluicche tré'n currad an éirídh,  
 Uair dhne de póir na breatainne!  
 Tarraing do caom an rgeól, 7c.

Sin mar do éirtheadar Gaoidheil,  
 U dhne gan céill na tagairre;  
 Uir tsubaird do mteig oir kéin,  
 O mealladar béicé t-acairad!  
 Tarraing do caom an rgeól,  
 U cairad b'ó g-clób na reanacád;  
 'S fearr mar ghníomh 'nā 'n t-ól,  
 Seacáin do deó na galair ym †

---

INTERLINEAR TRANSLATION.

le Murrúad nuair léigeadar Mórí  
 With Murrough when they allowed Moir  
 Sgeul curraingead bórdh do Banba  
 Story woful mournful to Banba

---

\* This line runs thus in every version which I have yet seen—  
 “O Murrúir nuair éirtheadar Mórí,” which must be entirely  
 wrong, as the English could never sway the sceptre of Ireland had  
 it not been for Dearbórdhí, whom the poet calls Mórí, wife  
 of Tighearnán ua Ruairc, king of Brefny, who eloped with  
 Diarmuid mac Murrúad, king of Leinster. Or perhaps the  
 allusion is made to the English general Maurice Fitzgerald, who,  
 with Robert Fitzstephen, rendered important service to the cause of  
 Mac Murrough, who offered his daughter in marriage to either of  
 them as a reward for their zeal and faithful services; but they had  
 too much honour to accept of the lady, because she had been for-  
 merly contracted to the Earl of Strangwell, when Diarmuid solicited  
 his assistance from the crown of England. But the lady's name  
 appears to be Aoife, and not Mórí.

† Our Irish poets always had a fancy for giving a chorus, which  
 is called in Irish “Cur fá,” to their humorous songs, and our  
 blind bard swayed the palm in this respect. When any of these  
 songs were sung at the hearth of the cottier of a cold winter evening,  
 as was usually the case, the assembled multitude joined in the chorus,  
 a custom prevalent this day throughout Munster. I have in my  
 possession a large collection of Songs of this class.







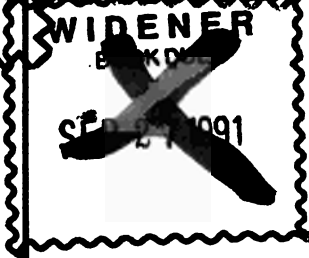
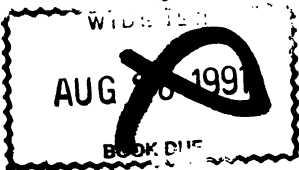
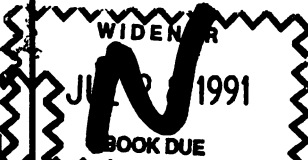
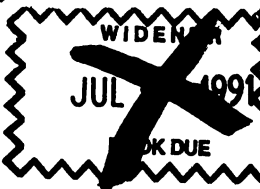
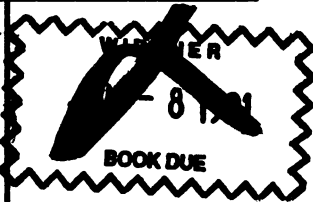
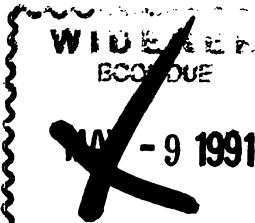


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